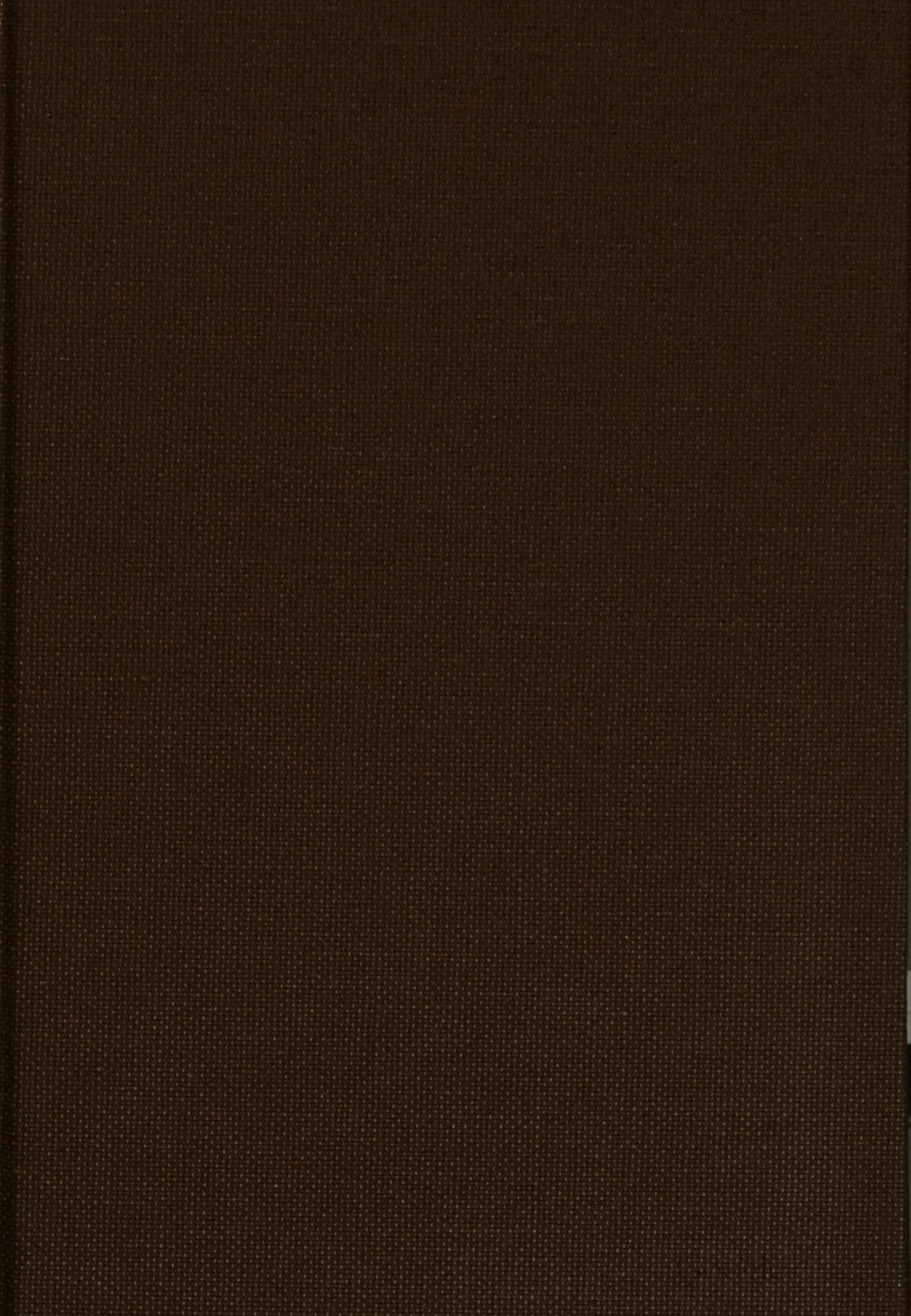
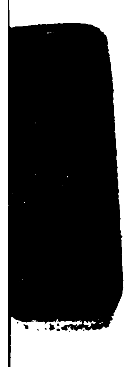






Molière's Plays

Translated by Curtis Hidden Page

Les Femmes Savantes
(The Learned Ladies)

Tartuffe
(The Hypocrite)

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme
(The Tradesman Turned Gentleman)

Les Précieuses Ridicules
(The Affected Misses)

Le Médecin malgrè Lui
(The Doctor by Compulsion)

G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme

(The Tradesman Turned Gentleman)

By

Molière

Translated by

Curtis Hidden Page

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LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME

COMEDIE-BALLET EN CINQ ACTES

14 OCTOBRE, 1670

THE TRADESMAN TURNED GENTLEMAN

A COMEDY-BALLET IN FIVE ACTS

OCTOBER 14, 1670

(The original is in prose, with lyric interludes)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The Tradesman turned Gentleman is perhaps the best of the many court entertainments, uniting music, dancing, and comedy, which Molière furnished for the diversion of King Louis. For his contemporaries, the chief interest of it was in the interludes of song and dance, and especially in the "Turkish ceremony" which the king himself had asked Molière to provide for. The royal treasury expended on the arrangements, including music, costumes, the two visits of Molière's troupe to the court, etc., no less than 49,404 francs and 18 sous—counted with Mr. Jourdain's own exactness—which was an exceeding large sum for those days.

For us, however, the chief interest of the play lies in its characters and its humour, in the way in which Molière has after all let the dramatic element dominate the rest, the skill with which he has made the interludes seem an almost necessary part of the action, the truth to life with which he has kept within the bounds of possibility though his subject seemed to lead inevitably to extravagant farce, and has given us, once for all, the eternal human comedy of the snob. Farcical and almost impossible as the last part of the play may seem, it was to receive an odd justification in real life sixteen years after it was produced, in the case of the Abbé de Saint-Martin, a worthy citizen and generous benefactor of his native city of Caen, who was led to believe that the king of Siam, having read and admired his works, had made him a Mandarin and Marquis of Mispou in New France; and, after having been installed in his new dignities by a company of University students in disguise, with ceremonies lasting for two days and stranger than any imagined by Molière, he never suspected the genuineness of these titles, and signed them with his name, to the end of his life.

CHARACTERS	ACTORS
MR. JOURDAIN	MOLIERE
MRS. JOURDAIN, his wife	HUBERT
LUCILE, his daughter	Mlle. MOLIERE
CLEONTE, suitor of Lucile	
DORIMENE, a marquise	Mlle. DEBRIE
DORANTE, a count, in love with Dorimène	LA GRANGE
NICOLE, servant to Mr. Jourdain	Mlle. BEAUVAL
COVIELLE, valet to Cléonte	DU CROISY
A MUSIC-MASTER	HUBERT
HIS SCHOLAR	GAYE
A DANCING-MASTER	LA THORILLIERE
A FENCING-MASTER	DEBRIE
A PHILOSOPHY-MASTER	DU CROISY
A MASTER TAILOR	
A JOURNEYMAN TAILOR	BEAUVAL
TWO LACKEYS	

Musicians, Dancers, Cooks, Journeymen Tailors, and other characters to dance in the interludes

The scene is at Paris

THE TRADESMAN TURNED GENTLEMAN

A MUSICAL COMEDY

ACT I

Overture, played by a full orchestra; in the middle of the stage the Music-Master's Scholar, seated at a table, is composing the air for a serenade which Mr. Jourdain has ordered.

SCENE I

MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, THREE SINGERS, TWO VIOLINISTS, FOUR DANCERS

MUSIC-MASTER, *to the singers*

Here, step inside, and wait until he comes.

DANCING-MASTER, *to the dancers*

And you too, this way.

MUSIC-MASTER, *to his scholar*

Is it finished?

SCHOLAR

Yes.

MUSIC-MASTER

Let 's see . . . That 's good.

DANCING-MASTER

Is it something new?

MUSIC-MASTER

Yes, 't is the air for a serenade which I have had him compose, while waiting for our gentleman to wake up.

DANCING-MASTER

May I see it?

MUSIC-MASTER

You shall hèar it, with the words, when he comes. He won't be long.

DANCING-MASTER

You and I have no lack of occupation now.

MUSIC-MASTER

That 's true. We have found a man here who is just what we both needed. He 's a nice little source of income for us, this Mr. Jourdain, with his visions of nobility and gallantry that he has got into his noddle. And 't would be a fine thing for your capers and my crotchets if everybody were like him.

DANCING-MASTER

No, no, not quite; I could wish, for his sake, that he had some true understanding of the good things we bring him.

MUSIC-MASTER

'T is true he understands them ill, but he

pays them well; and that is what the arts need most nowadays.

DANCING-MASTER

For my part, I 'll own, I must be fed somewhat on fame. I am sensitive to applause, and I feel that in all the fine arts 't is a grievous torture to show one's talents before fools, and to endure the barbarous judgments of a dunce upon our compositions. There's great pleasure, I tell you, in working for people who are capable of feeling the refinements of art, who know how to give a flattering reception to the beauties of your work, and recompense your toil by titillating praise. Yes, the most agreeable reward possible for what we do, is to see it understood, to see it caressed by applause that honours us. Nothing else, methinks, can pay us so well for all our labours; and enlightened praise gives exquisite delight.

MUSIC-MASTER

I grant you that, and I relish it as you do. There is surely nothing more gratifying than such praise as you speak of; but man cannot live on incense. Mere praise won't buy you an estate; it takes something more solid. And the best way to praise, is to praise with open hands. Our fellow, to be sure, is a man of little wit, who discourses at random about anything and everything, and never applauds but at the wrong time. But his money sets right the errors of his mind; there is judgment in his purse; his praises pass current; and this ignorant shopkeeper is worth more to us, as you very well see, than the enlightened lord who introduced us to his house.

DANCING-MASTER

There is some truth in what you say; but methinks you set too much store by money; and self-interest is something so base, that no gentleman should ever show a leaning towards it.

MUSIC-MASTER

Yet I have n't seen you refuse the money our fellow offers you.

DANCING-MASTER

Certainly not; but neither do I find therein all my happiness; and I could still wish that with his wealth he had good taste to boot.

MUSIC-MASTER

I could wish so too; and 't is to that end that we are both working, as best we may. But in any case, he gives us the means to make ourselves known in the world; he shall pay for others, and others shall praise for him.

DANCING-MASTER

Here he comes.

SCENE II

MR. JOURDAIN, *in dressing-gown and night-cap;* MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER'S SCHOLAR, SINGERS, DANCERS, LACKEYS

MR. JOURDAIN

Well, gentlemen? How is it? Are you going to show me your waggish trifle?

DANCING-MASTER

How? What waggish trifle?

MR. JOURDAIN

Why! You know . . . what d'ye call the thing? Your prologue, or your dialogue in song and dance.

DANCING-MASTER

Oh! oh!

MUSIC-MASTER

You find us ready.

MR. JOURDAIN

I have kept you waiting a little, but 't is because I am to be dressed to-day like people of quality, and my tailor sent me some silk stockings that I thought I should never get on.

MUSIC-MASTER

We are here only to wait upon your leisure.

MR. JOURDAIN

I beg you both not to go till they have brought my clothes, so that you can see me in them.

DANCING-MASTER

Whatever you will.

MR. JOURDAIN

You shall see me properly rigged out, from head to foot.

MUSIC-MASTER

We don't doubt it.

MR. JOURDAIN

I have had this Indian gown made for me.

DANCING-MASTER

'T is very handsome.

MR. JOURDAIN

My tailor tells me that people of quality appear thus in the morning.

MUSIC-MASTER

It becomes you marvellously.

MR. JOURDAIN

Lackeys! Ho, both my lackeys!

FIRST LACKEY

Your pleasure, sir?

MR. JOURDAIN

Nothing. 'T was only to see whether you are attending. (*To the music-master and dancing-master*) What do you say to my liveries?

DANCING-MASTER

They are magnificent.

MR. JOURDAIN, *opening his gown and showing his close-fitting red velvet breeches, and a green velvet jacket*

This is a négligée costume to take my exercise in, in the morning.

MUSIC-MASTER

'T is very genteel.

MR. JOURDAIN

Lackey!

FIRST LACKEY

Sir.

MR. JOURDAIN

T' other lackey!

SECOND LACKEY

Sir.

MR. JOURDAIN, *taking off his dressing-gown*

Hold my gown. (*To the music-master and dancing-master*) Do you like me so?

DANCING-MASTER

Hugely. Nothing could be better.

MR. JOURDAIN

Well, now for your affair.

MUSIC-MASTER

I should like first to have you hear an air which he (*pointing to his scholar*) has just composed for the serenade you requested. He is one of my scholars, and he has an admirable talent for that sort of thing.

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes. But you had no business to get it done by a scholar. You were none too good for the job yourself.

MUSIC-MASTER

Sir, the word scholar must not mislead you. Such

scholars know as much as the greatest master; and the air is as beautiful as anything could possibly be. Only listen to it.

MR. JOURDAIN, *to his lackeys*

Give me my gown, to hear better. . . . Wait, 't will be better without the gown. No, give it back to me; that is the best way.

A SINGER

I languish night and day, and know no end
Of pain, since I've been slave to your fair eyes.
If thus, my love, you use a loving friend,
Alas! what fate befalls your enemies?

MR. JOURDAIN

This song seems rather doleful to me; 't is enough to put anybody to sleep, and I wish you could liven it up a bit here and there.

MUSIC-MASTER

The air, sir, must be suited to the words.

MR. JOURDAIN

I learned one that was really pretty, a little while ago. Wait . . . er . . . how does it go?

DANCING-MASTER

On my word, I don't know.

MR. JOURDAIN

There 's lamb in it.

DANCING-MASTER

Lamb?

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes. Ah! (*He sings:*)

I thought my fair Jenny
As gentle as any;
I thought my fair Jenny
As mild as a lamby.
But alas! but alas!
She's more cruel by far, she's more cruel by far,
Than the wild tigers are.

Is n't it pretty?

MUSIC-MASTER

Nothing could be prettier.

DANCING-MASTER

And you sing it well.

MR. JOURDAIN

Yet I 've never learnt music neither.

MUSIC-MASTER

You ought to learn it, sir, as you do dancing. These two arts are intimately bound together.

DANCING-MASTER

And they open a man's eyes to the beauty of things.

MR. JOURDAIN

Do people of quality learn music too?

MUSIC-MASTER

Yes, sir.

MR. JOURDAIN

Then I will learn it. But I don't know where I can find the time; for, besides my fencing-master, I have also hired a philosophy-master, who is to begin this morning.

MUSIC-MASTER

Philosophy is something, to be sure; but music sir, music . . .

DANCING-MASTER

Music and dancing . . . Music and dancing, in short, are all a man needs.

MUSIC-MASTER

There is nothing so serviceable to the State as music.

DANCING-MASTER

There is nothing so necessary to mankind as dancing.

MUSIC-MASTER

Without music no State can survive.

DANCING-MASTER

Without dancing a man can achieve nothing.

MUSIC-MASTER

All disorders, all wars that are seen in the world, come about merely for lack of knowing music.

DANCING-MASTER

All the ills of mankind, all the tragic misfortunes that fill the histories, all political blunders, all the

failures of great commanders, have come merely from lack of skill in dancing.

MR. JOURDAIN

How so?

MUSIC-MASTER

Does not war come from want of unison among men?

MR. JOURDAIN

That is true.

MUSIC-MASTER

If all men learned music, would n't that be the means of bringing them into harmony, and so of obtaining universal peace on earth?

MR. JOURDAIN

You are right.

DANCING-MASTER

When a man has been guilty of a mistake, either in governing his own affairs, or in guiding those of the State, or in commanding an army, do we not always say: Such a one has made a false step in this affair?

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes, that is what we say.

DANCING-MASTER

And can making a false step result from anything but lack of skill in dancing?

MR. JOURDAIN

That is true. You are both right.

DANCING-MASTER

This should show you the excellence and profitableness of dancing and music.

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes, now I understand it.

MUSIC-MASTER

Will you see our two compositions?

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes.

MUSIC-MASTER

As I have told you, 't is a slight attempt I made some time ago upon the different passions music is capable of expressing.

MR. JOURDAIN

Very good.

MUSIC-MASTER, *to the musicians*

Here, come forward. (*To Mr. Jourdain*) You are to imagine that they are dressed as shepherds.

MR. JOURDAIN

Why always shepherds? You never see anything else, anywhere.

DANCING-MASTER

When people are to speak in music, we must, for verisimilitude, adopt the pastoral style. Song has

from all time been appropriated to shepherds; and it is hardly natural that courtiers or townsmen should sing their passions in dialogue.

MR. JOURDAIN

Well, all right. Let 's see the thing.

DIALOGUE IN MUSIC

One Woman and Two Men

WOMAN

A heart that 's subject to love's tyrant sway,
With untold cares is tortured day by day.
They say it is a joy to faint and sigh,
But, spite of all they say,
There 's nothing half so sweet as liberty.

FIRST MAN

There 's nothing half so sweet as tender love
That sets two hearts on fire
With one desire;
There is no happiness apart from love.
If love be gone,
The joy of life is done.

SECOND MAN

It might be sweet to own the sway of love,
If hearts would constant prove;
But ah! the cruel spite!
No shepherdess is ever faithful quite;
This fickle sex, that shames the light of day,
Will force us to abandon love for aye.

FIRST MAN

O sweet desire,

WOMAN

O freedom dear,

SECOND MAN

O sex untrue,

FIRST MAN

What joy dost thou inspire!

WOMAN

What love to thee I bear!

SECOND MAN

What hatred is thy due!

FIRST MAN

Ah! leave this cruel hate, and yield to love!

WOMAN

And then you yet may prove
One maid can faithful be.

SECOND MAN

Let me this marvel see!

WOMAN

To prove our sex's truth,
My heart I offer you.

SECOND MAN

But, shepherdess, in sooth,
May I believe it true?

WOMAN

Which will the better love,
Come, let us try and see!

SECOND MAN

And may the gods above
Punish inconstancy!

THE THREE TOGETHER

Ah, surely it is meet
To yield love all his due;
For love is passing sweet
If hearts be true!

MR. JOURDAIN

Is that all?

MUSIC-MASTER

Yes.

MR. JOURDAIN

Well, I think it's very neat, and there's some rather pretty little maxims in it.

DANCING-MASTER

And now, for my contribution, here is a little sample of the finest movements and most graceful attitudes possible in dancing.

MR. JOURDAIN

Are they shepherds too?

DANCING-MASTER

What you will. (*To the dancers*) Now, begin.

BALLET

Four dancers execute all the different movements and kinds of steps that the dancing-master bids them ; and this dance forms the first interlude.

ACT II

SCENE I

MR. JOURDAIN, MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, LACKEY

MR. JOURDAIN

That is not at all bad, your people frisk it famously.

MUSIC-MASTER

When dance and music accompany each other, it will produce a still finer effect; you 'll find something very gallant in the little ballet we have arranged for you.

MR. JOURDAIN

We are to have it this afternoon, mind; the person for whom I ordered it, is to do me the honour of coming to dine here.

DANCING-MASTER

Everything is ready.

MUSIC-MASTER

But, sir, this is not enough; a person like you, who lives magnificently and has a taste for beautiful things, should have a concert at his house every Wednesday or Thursday.

MR. JOURDAIN

Is that what people of quality do?

MUSIC-MASTER

Yes, sir.

MR. JOURDAIN

Then I shall. Will it be fine?

MUSIC-MASTER

Certainly. You must have three voices, a soprano, a counter-tenor, and a bass, accompanied by a bass-viol, a theorbo, and a harpsichord for the sustained accompaniment, with two first violins for the variations.

MR. JOURDAIN

You must have a marine trumpet, too. The marine trumpet is an instrument I like, and 't is full of harmony.

MUSIC-MASTER

Leave it all to us.

MR. JOURDAIN

Anyhow, don't forget to send me some musicians presently to sing at table.

MUSIC-MASTER

You shall have everything you should have.

MR. JOURDAIN

But above all, mind you have a fine ballet.

MUSIC-MASTER

You will be pleased with it, and especially with some minuets that you will find in it.

MR. JOURDAIN

Ah ! the minuet is my dance. I must have you see me dance one. Come, teacher.

DANCING-MASTER

A hat, sir, please. (*Mr. Jourdain takes his lackey's hat, and puts it on over his nightcap. The dancing-master takes him by both hands, and sings the air of a minuet for him to dance by.*) La, la, la ; la, la, la, la, la, la ; la, la, la ; (*Bis*). La, la, la ; la, la. Dance in time, will you, please, sir. La, la, la, la, la. Now with the right leg. La, la, la. Move your shoulders somewhat less, sir. La, la, la, la, la ; la, la, la, la, la. Both your arms are stiff as pokers. La, la, la, la, la. Hold your head higher. Turn out the points of your toes, my good sir. La, la, la. Please stand up straight, sir.

MR. JOURDAIN

Well?

MUSIC-MASTER

Nothing could be better.

MR. JOURDAIN

By the way. Teach me how to make a bow to a marquise. I shall need it this afternoon.

DANCING-MASTER

A bow to a marquise?

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes. A marquise whose name is Dorimène.

DANCING-MASTER

Give me your hand.

MR. JOURDAIN

No. You do it; I shall remember it all right.

DANCING-MASTER

If you want to bow to her with great respect, you must first draw your leg behind you and bow, then walk toward her, making three bows forward, and at the last one, bow as low as her knees.

MR. JOURDAIN

Just show me. (*After the dancing-master has made three bows*) That 'll do.

SCENE II

MR. JOURDAIN, MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, LACKEY

LACKEY

Sir, here is your fencing-master.

MR. JOURDAIN

Tell him to come in and give me my lesson here. (*To the music-master and dancing-master*) I want you to see me perform.

SCENE III

MR. JOURDAIN, FENCING-MASTER, MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, A LACKEY *with two foils*

FENCING-MASTER, *taking the two foils from the lackey and giving one of them to Mr. Jourdain*

Now, sir, your salute. The body erect. The weight slightly on the left thigh. The legs not so far apart. The feet in line. The wrist in line with the thigh. The point of your sword in line with your shoulder. The arm not quite so far extended. The left hand on a level with the eye. The left shoulder farther back. Head up. A bold look. Advance. The body steady. Engage my sword in quart and finish the thrust. One, two. Recover. Again, your feet firm. One, two. Retreat. When you thrust, sir, your sword must move first, and your body be held well back, and sideways. One, two. Now, engage my sword in tierce, and finish the thrust. Advance. Your body steady. Advance. Now, from that position. One, two. Recover. Again. One, two. Retreat. On guard, sir, on guard (*the fencing-master gives him several thrusts*), on guard.

MR. JOURDAIN

Well?

MUSIC-MASTER

You do wonders.

FENCING-MASTER

I 've told you already: the whole secret of arms consists in two things only: hitting and not being hit. And as I proved to you the other day by demonstrative logic, it is impossible that you should be hit if you know how to turn aside your adversary's sword from the line of your body; and that

depends merely on a slight movement of the wrist, inwards or outwards.

MR. JOURDAIN

So, then, without any courage, one may be sure of killing his man and not being killed?

FENCING-MASTER

Certainly. Did n't you see the demonstration of it?

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes.

FENCING-MASTER

And by this you may see how highly our profession should be esteemed in the State; and how far the science of arms excels all other sciences, that are of no use, like dancing, music . . .

DANCING-MASTER

Softly, Mr. Swordsman; don't speak disrespectfully of dancing.

MUSIC-MASTER

Learn, pray, to appreciate better the excellences of music.

FENCING-MASTER

You are absurd fellows, to think of comparing your sciences with mine.

MUSIC-MASTER

Just see the man of consequence!

DANCING-MASTER

The ridiculous animal, with his padded stomacher!

FENCING-MASTER

My little dancing-master, I will make you dance to a tune of my own, and you, little songster, I will make you sing out lustily.

DANCING-MASTER

Mr. Ironmonger, I 'll teach you your own trade.

MR. JOURDAIN, *to the dancing-master*

Are you mad, to pick a quarrel with him, when he knows tierce and quart, and can kill a man by demonstrative logic?

DANCING-MASTER

A fig for his demonstrative logic, and his tierce and his quart.

MR. JOURDAIN, *to the dancing-master*

Softly, I tell you.

FENCING-MASTER, *to the dancing-master*

What, little Master Impudence!

MR. JOURDAIN

Hey! my dear fencing-master.

DANCING-MASTER, *to the fencing-master*

What, you great cart-horse!

MR. JOURDAIN

Hey! my dear dancing-master.

FENCING-MASTER

If I once fall upon you . . .

MR. JOURDAIN, *to the fencing-master*

Gently.

DANCING-MASTER

If I once lay hands on you . . .

MR. JOURDAIN, *to the dancing-master*

So, so.

FENCING-MASTER

I will give you such a dressing . . .

MR. JOURDAIN, *to the fencing-master*

I beg you.

DANCING-MASTER

I will give you such a drubbing . . .

MR. JOURDAIN, *to the dancing-master*

I beseech you . . .

MUSIC-MASTER

Let us teach him manners a little.

MR. JOURDAIN

Good Heavens! do stop.

SCENE IV

A PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, MR. JOURDAIN, MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, FENCING-MASTER, LACKEY

MR. JOURDAIN

Oho! Mr. Philosopher, you 've arrived in the nick of time with your philosophy. Do come and set these people here at peace.

THE PHILOSOPHER

How now? What is the matter, gentlemen?

MR. JOURDAIN

They have put themselves in a passion, about the precedence of their professions, and even insulted each other and almost come to blows.

THE PHILOSOPHER

O fie, gentlemen! Should a man so lose his self-control? Have you not read the learned treatise which Seneca composed, *Of Anger?* Is there anything more base or shameful than this passion, which of a man makes a savage beast? Should not reason be mistress of all our emotions?

DANCING-MASTER

How, how, sir! Here he comes and insults us both, by contemning dancing, which I practise, and music, which is his profession.

THE PHILOSOPHER

A wise man is above all the insults that can be offered him; and the chief answer which we should make to all offences, is calmness and patience.

FENCING-MASTER

They both have the insolence to think of comparing their professions with mine!

THE PHILOSOPHER

Should that move you? 'T is not for vain glory and precedence that men should contend; what really distinguishes us from each other is wisdom and virtue.

DANCING-MASTER

I maintain to his face that dancing is a science which cannot be too highly honoured.

MUSIC-MASTER

And I, that music is a science which all ages have reverenced.

FENCING-MASTER

And I maintain, against both of them, that the science of fencing is the finest and most indispensable of all sciences.

THE PHILOSOPHER

But what then becomes of philosophy? I think you are all three mighty impertinent to speak with such arrogance before me, and impudently to give the name of science to things which ought not even to be honoured with the name of art, and which may best be classed together as pitiful trades, whether of prize-fighters, ballad-mongers, or mountebanks.

FENCING-MASTER

Go to, dog of a philosopher.

MUSIC-MASTER

Go to, beggarly pedagogue.

DANCING-MASTER

Go to, past master pedant.

THE PHILOSOPHER

What, you rascally knaves! . . . (*He falls upon them, and they all three belabour him with blows.*)

MR. JOURDAIN

Mr. Philosopher!

THE PHILOSOPHER

Villains! varlets! insolent vermin!

MR. JOURDAIN

Mr. Philosopher!

FENCING-MASTER

Plague take the beast!

MR. JOURDAIN

Gentlemen!

THE PHILOSOPHER

Brazen-faced ruffians!

MR. JOURDAIN

Mr. Philosopher!

DANCING-MASTER

Deuce take the old pack-mule!

MR. JOURDAIN

Gentlemen!

THE PHILOSOPHER

Scoundrels!

MR. JOURDAIN

Mr. Philosopher!

MUSIC-MASTER

Devil take the impertinent puppy!

MR. JOURDAIN

Gentlemen!

THE PHILOSOPHER

Thieves! vagabonds! rogues! impostors!

MR. JOURDAIN

Mr. Philosopher! Gentlemen! Mr. Philosopher! Gentlemen! Mr. Philosopher! (*Exeunt fighting.*)

SCENE V

MR. JOURDAIN, LACKEY

MR. JOURDAIN

Oh! fight as much as you please; I can't help it, and I won't go spoil my gown trying to part you. I should be mad to thrust myself among them, and get some blow that might do me a mischief.

SCENE VI

THE PHILOSOPHER, MR. JOURDAIN, LACKEY

THE PHILOSOPHER, *straightening his collar*

Now for our lesson.

MR. JOURDAIN

Oh! sir, I am sorry for the blows you got.

THE PHILOSOPHER

That 's nothing. A philosopher knows how to take things aright; and I shall compose a satire against them in Juvenal's manner, which will cut them up properly. But let that pass. What do you want to learn?

MR. JOURDAIN

Everything I can; for I have the greatest desire conceivable to be learned; it throws me in a rage to think that my father and mother did not make me study all the sciences when I was young.

THE PHILOSOPHER

That is a reasonable sentiment; *nam, sine doctrina, vita est quasi mortis imago.* You understand that, for of course you know Latin.

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes; but play that I don't know it; and explain what it means.

THE PHILOSOPHER

It means that, *without learning, life is almost an image of death.*

MR. JOURDAIN

That same Latin 's in the right.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Have you not some foundations, some rudiments of knowledge?

MR. JOURDAIN

Oh! yes, I can read and write.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Where will you please to have us begin? Shall I teach you logic?

MR. JOURDAIN

What may that same logic be?

THE PHILOSOPHER

'T is the science that teaches the three operations of the mind.

MR. JOURDAIN

And who are they, these three operations of the mind?

THE PHILOSOPHER

The first, the second, and the third. The first is to conceive aright, by means of universals; the second, to judge aright, by means of the categories; and the third, to draw deductions aright, by means of the figures: *Barbara*, *Celarent*, *Darii*, *Ferio*, *Baralipton*.

MR. JOURDAIN

There 's a pack of crabbed words. This logic does n't suit me at all. Let 's learn something else that 's prettier.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Will you learn ethics?

MR. JOURDAIN

Ethics?

THE PHILOSOPHER

Yes.

MR. JOURDAIN

What is your ethics about?

THE PHILOSOPHER

It treats of happiness, teaches men to moderate their passions, and . . .

MR. JOURDAIN

No; no more of that. I am choleric as the whole pack of devils, ethics or no ethics; no, sir, I 'll be angry to my heart's content, whenever I have a mind to it.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Is it physics you want to learn?

MR. JOURDAIN

And what has this physics to say for itself?

THE PHILOSOPHER

Physics is the science which explains the principles of natural phenomena, and the properties of bodies; which treats of the nature of the elements, metals, minerals, stones, plants, and animals, and teaches us the causes of all such things as meteors, the rainbow, St. Elmo's fire, comets, lightning, thunder, thunderbolts, rain, snow, hail, winds, and whirlwinds.

MR. JOURDAIN

There's too much jingle-jangle in that, too much hurly-burly.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Then what do you want me to teach you?

MR. JOURDAIN

Teach me spelling.

THE PHILOSOPHER

With all my heart.

MR. JOURDAIN

And afterward, you shall teach me the almanac, so as to know when there 's a moon, and when there is n't.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Very well. To follow up your line of thought logically, and treat this matter in true philosophic fashion, we must begin, according to the proper order of things, by an exact knowledge of the nature of the letters, and the different method of pronouncing each one. And on that head I must tell you that the letters are divided into vowels, so called—*vowels*—because they express the sounds of the *voice* alone; and consonants, so called—*con-sonants*—because they *sound with* the vowels, and only mark the different articulations of the voice. There are five vowels, or voices: A, E, I, O, U.

MR. JOURDAIN

I understand all that.

THE PHILOSOPHER

The vowel A is formed by opening the mouth wide: A.[1]

[1] The vowels must of course be pronounced as in French: approximately, A as in father, E as in they, I as in machine, O as in note; the French U has no equivalent in English, but is like the German ü.

MR. JOURDAIN

A, A. Yes.

THE PHILOSOPHER

The vowel E is formed by lifting the lower jaw nearer to the upper: A, E.

MR. JOURDAIN

A, E; A, E. On my word, 't is so. Ah! how fine!

THE PHILOSOPHER

And the vowel I, by bringing the jaws still nearer together, and stretching the corners of the mouth toward the ears; A, E, I.

MR. JOURDAIN

A, E, I, I, I, I. That is true. Science forever!

THE PHILOSOPHER

The vowel O is formed by opening the jaws, and drawing in the lips at the corners: O.

MR. JOURDAIN

O, O. Nothing could be more correct: A, E, I, O, I, O. 'T is admirable! I, O; I, O.

THE PHILOSOPHER

The opening of the mouth looks exactly like a little circle, representing an O.

MR. JOURDAIN

O, O, O. You are right. O. Ah! What a fine thing it is to know something!

THE PHILOSOPHER

The vowel U is formed by bringing the teeth to-

gether without letting them quite touch, and thrusting out the lips, at the same time bringing them together without quite shutting them: U.

MR. JOURDAIN

U, U. Nothing could be truer: U.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Your lips are extended as if you were pouting; therefore if you wish to make a face at anyone, and mock at him, you have only to say U.

MR. JOURDAIN

U, U. 'T is true. Ah! would I had studied sooner, to know all that!

THE PHILOSOPHER

To-morrow, we will consider the other letters, namely the consonants.

MR. JOURDAIN

Are there just as curious things about them as about these?

THE PHILOSOPHER

Certainly. The consonant D, for instance, is pronounced by clapping the tip of the tongue just above the upper teeth: D.

MR. JOURDAIN

D, D. Yes! Oh! what fine things! what fine things!

THE PHILOSOPHER

The F, by resting the upper teeth on the lower lip: F.

MR. JOURDAIN

F, F. 'T is the very truth. Oh! father and mother of me, what a grudge I owe you!

THE PHILOSOPHER

And the R by lifting the tip of the tongue to the roof of the mouth; so that being grazed by the air, which comes out sharply, it yields to it, yet keeps returning to the same point, and so makes a sort of trilling: R, Ra.

MR. JOURDAIN

R, R, Ra, R, R, R, R, R, Ra. That is fine. Oh! what a learned man you are, and how much time I 've lost! R, R, R, Ra.

THE PHILOSOPHER

I will explain all these curious things to you thoroughly.

MR. JOURDAIN

Do, I beg you. But now, I must tell you a great secret. I am in love with a person of very high rank, and I wish you would help me to write her something in a little love-note which I 'll drop at her feet.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Excellent!

MR. JOURDAIN

'T will be very gallant, will it not?

THE PHILOSOPHER

Surely. Do you want to write to her in verse?

MR. JOURDAIN

No, no; none of your verse.

THE PHILOSOPHER

You want mere prose?

MR. JOURDAIN

No, I will have neither prose nor verse.

THE PHILOSOPHER

It must needs be one or the other.

MR. JOURDAIN

Why?

THE PHILOSOPHER

For this reason, that there is nothing but prose or verse to express oneself by.

MR. JOURDAIN

There is nothing but prose or verse?

THE PHILOSOPHER

No, sir. All that is not prose is verse, and all that is not verse is prose.

MR. JOURDAIN

But when we talk, what is that, say?

THE PHILOSOPHER

Prose.

MR. JOURDAIN

What! When I say: "Nicole, bring me my slippers and give me my nightcap," that 's prose?

THE PHILOSOPHER

Yes, sir.

MR. JOURDAIN

On my word, I 've been speaking prose these forty years, and never knew it; I am infinitely obliged to you for having informed me of this. Now I want to write to her in a note: *Fair Marquise, your fair eyes make me die of love;* but I want it to be put in gallant fashion, and neatly turned.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Say that the fires of her eyes reduce your heart to ashes; that night and day you suffer for her all the tortures of a . . .

MR. JOURDAIN

No, no, no, I want none of all that. I will have nothing but what I told you: *Fair Marquise, your fair eyes make me die of love.*

THE PHILOSOPHER

You must enlarge upon the matter a little.

MR. JOURDAIN

No, I tell you. I 'll have none but those very words in the note, but put in a fashionable way, arranged as they should be. Pray tell me over the different ways they can be put, so that I may see.

THE PHILOSOPHER

You can first of all put them as you said: *Fair Marquise, your fair eyes make me die of love.* Or else: *Of love to die me make, fair Marquise, your fair eyes.* Or else: *Your fair eyes of love me make,*

fair Marquise, to die. Or else: *To die your fair eyes, fair Marquise, of love me make.* Or else: *Me make your fair eyes die, fair Marquise, of love.*

MR. JOURDAIN

But which of all these ways is the best?

THE PHILOSOPHER

The way you said it: *Fair Marquise, your fair eyes make me die of love.*

MR. JOURDAIN

And yet I never studied, and I did it at the first try. I thank you with all my heart, and beg you to come again to-morrow early.

THE PHILOSOPHER

I shall not fail to.

SCENE VII

MR. JOURDAIN, LACKEY

MR. JOURDAIN, *to the lackey*

What! Have n't my clothes come yet?

LACKEY

No, sir.

MR. JOURDAIN

That cursed tailor makes me wait a long while, on a day when I 'm so busy. I am furious. May the quartan ague wring this villain of a tailor unmercifully! To the devil with the tailor! Plague choke

the tailor! If I had him here now, that wretch of a tailor, that dog of a tailor, that scoundrel of a tailor, I'd . . .

SCENE VIII

MR. JOURDAIN, A MASTER-TAILOR; A JOURNEYMAN-TAILOR, *carrying Mr. Jourdain's suit;* LACKEY

MR. JOURDAIN

Ah! so there you are! I was just going to get angry with you.

MASTER-TAILOR

I could not come sooner, I had twenty men at work on your clothes.

MR. JOURDAIN

You sent me some silk stockings so tight that I had dreadful work getting them on, and there are two stitches broke in them already.

MASTER-TAILOR

If anything, they will grow only too loose.

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes, if I keep on breaking out stitches. And you made me some shoes that pinch horribly.

MASTER-TAILOR

Not at all, sir.

MR. JOURDAIN

What! Not at all?

MASTER-TAILOR

No, they do not pinch you.

MR. JOURDAIN

I tell you they do pinch me.

MASTER-TAILOR

You imagine it.

MR. JOURDAIN

I imagine it because I feel it. A fine way of talking!

MASTER-TAILOR

There, this is one of the very handsomest and best matched of court costumes. 'T is a masterpiece to have invented a suit that is dignified, yet not of black; and I 'd give the most cultured tailors six trials and defy them to equal it.

MR. JOURDAIN

What 's this? You have put the flowers upside down.

MASTER-TAILOR

You did n't tell me you wanted them right end up.

MR. JOURDAIN

Was there any need to tell you that?

MASTER-TAILOR

Why, of course. All persons of quality wear them this way.

MR. JOURDAIN

Persons of quality wear the flowers upside down?

MASTER-TAILOR

Yes, sir.

MR. JOURDAIN

Oh! that 's all right then.

MASTER-TAILOR

If you wish, I will put them right end up.

MR. JOURDAIN

No, no.

MASTER-TAILOR

You have only to say the word.

MR. JOURDAIN

No, I tell you; you did rightly. Do you think the clothes will fit me?

MASTER-TAILOR

A pretty question! I defy any painter, with his brush, to make you a closer fit. I have in my shop a fellow that is the greatest genius in the world for setting up a pair of German breeches; and another who is the hero of our age for the cut of a doublet.

MR. JOURDAIN

Are the wig and the feathers just as they should be?

MASTER-TAILOR

Everything is just right.

MR. JOURDAIN, *looking at the tailor's suit*

Ah! ah! Mr. Tailor, here is some of the cloth from my last suit you made me. I know it perfectly.

MASTER-TAILOR

The cloth seemed to me so fine that I thought well to cut a suit for myself out of it.

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes; but you ought not to have cabbaged it out of mine.

MASTER-TAILOR

Will you put on your suit?

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes; let me have it.

MASTER-TAILOR

Wait. That is not the way to do things. I have brought my men with me to dress you to music; clothes such as these must be put on with ceremony. Ho! enter, you fellows.

SCENE IX

MR. JOURDAIN, MASTER-TAILOR, JOURNEYMAN-TAILOR; DANCERS, *in the costume of journeymen-tailors;* LACKEY.

MASTER-TAILOR, *to his journeymen*

Put on the gentleman's suit, in the style you use for persons of quality.

FIRST BALLET

Enter four journeymen-tailors, two of whom pull off Mr. Jourdain's breeches that he had on for his exercise, and the other two his jacket; then they put on his new suit; and Mr. Jourdain walks about among them, show-

ing off his suit, to see if it is all right. All this to the accompaniment of full orchestra.

JOURNEYMAN-TAILOR

Noble Sir, please give the tailor's men something to drink.

MR. JOURDAIN

What did you call me?

JOURNEYMAN-TAILOR

Noble Sir.

MR. JOURDAIN

Noble Sir! That is what it is to dress as a person of quality! You may go clothed as a tradesman all your days, and nobody will call you Noble Sir. (*Giving him money*) There, that 's for Noble Sir.

JOURNEYMAN-TAILOR

My Lord, we are greatly obliged to you.

MR. JOURDAIN

My Lord! Oh! oh! My Lord! Wait, friend; My Lord deserves something, 't is no mean word, My Lord! There, there 's what His Lordship gives you.

JOURNEYMAN-TAILOR

My Lord, we will all go and drink Your Grace's health.

MR. JOURDAIN

Your Grace! Oh! oh! oh! wait; don't go. Your Grace, to me! (*Aside*) Faith, if he goes as far as

Your Highness he 'll empty my purse. (*Aloud*) There, there 's for Your Grace.

JOURNEYMAN-TAILOR

My Lord, we thank you most humbly for your generosity.

MR. JOURDAIN

He did well to stop. I was just going to give it all to him.

SECOND BALLET

The four journeymen-tailors celebrate Mr. Jourdain's liberality with a dance, which forms the second interlude.

ACT III

SCENE I

MR. JOURDAIN, TWO LACKEYS

MR. JOURDAIN

Follow me, while I take a walk and show my clothes through the town; and by all means take care, both of you, to walk close at my heels, so that everyone may be sure you belong to me.

LACKEY

Yes, sir.

MR. JOURDAIN

Call Nicole here, I want to give her some orders. No, don't move; here she comes.

SCENE II

MR. JOURDAIN, NICOLE, TWO LACKEYS

MR. JOURDAIN

Nicole!

NICOLE

Yes, sir?

MR. JOURDAIN

Listen.

NICOLE, *laughing*

He, he, he, he, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

What are you laughing at?

NICOLE

He, he, he, he, he, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

What does the hussy mean?

NICOLE

He, he, he. What a figure you cut! He, he, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

How now?

NICOLE

Oh! oh! my gracious! He, he, he, he, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

What a jade have we here? Are you making sport of me?

NICOLE

No, no, sir; I should be very sorry to do so. He he, he, he, he, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

I 'll give you one on the nose, if you laugh any more.

NICOLE

Sir, I can't help it. He, he, he, he, he, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

Won't you have done?

NICOLE

Sir, I ask your pardon; but you look so funny, I can't keep from laughing. He, he, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

Just see her insolence!

NICOLE

You 're downright comical like that. He, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

I 'll . . .

NICOLE

Oh, please forgive me. He, he, he, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

Look here, if you laugh again the least bit in the world, I swear I 'll give you the worst cuffing that ever was.

NICOLE

Well! sir, it 's over; I won't laugh any more.

MR. JOURDAIN

Mind you don't. You must clean up for this afternoon . . .

NICOLE

He, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

Clean up properly . . .

NICOLE

He, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

You must, I say, clean up the great hall and . . .

NICOLE

He, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

What, again?

NICOLE, *tumbling down with laughter*

Oh, sir, beat me if you like, but let me have my laugh out; 't will be better for me so. He, he, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

I 'll go mad!

NICOLE

For goodness sake, sir, I beseech you let me laugh. He, he, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

If I begin to . . .

NICOLE

Si-sir, I shall bu-burst if I can't laugh. He, he, he.

MR. JOURDAIN

Was ever such a hussy seen, to come and laugh impudently in my face, instead of taking my orders?

NICOLE

What do you want me to do, sir?

MR. JOURDAIN

Take care, you slut, to get my house ready for the company that is to come presently.

NICOLE, *picking herself up*

Ah! faith, I 've no desire to laugh any more; all your company makes such a litter in the place that the very word 's enough to put me out of temper.

MR. JOURDAIN

Of course I ought to shut my doors to everyone, to please you?

NICOLE

You ought at least to shut them to certain people.

SCENE III

MRS. JOURDAIN, MR. JOURDAIN, NICOLE, TWO LACKEYS

MRS. JOURDAIN

Aha! Here 's a fresh extravagance! Now look here, husband, what is all this outfit? Have you lost your senses to go and harness yourself up in such a fashion? D' ye want to make yourself a laughing-stock everywhere?

MR. JOURDAIN

None but fools, wife, will laugh at me.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Marry will they, and they have n't waited till now neither; long enough already your doings have made everybody laugh.

MR. JOURDAIN

Now who is that everybody, if you please?

MRS. JOURDAIN

That everybody is a body that is in the right, and has more sense than you have. For my part, I'm scandalised at the life you lead. I don't know what to call our house any more. Anybody would say it is carnival here every day; from the first thing in the morning, for fear you should lose a minute, there's nothing but caterwauling of fiddlers and singers, that disturbs the whole neighbourhood.

NICOLE

Madam says true. I can never get the house to rights, with all this gang of folks that you bring in. Their feet ransack every quarter of the town for mud to bring in here; and our poor Françoise is almost worn out with scrubbing the floors your pretty masters daub as regularly as the day comes round.

MR. JOURDAIN

Hoity-toity, maid Nicole! you have a mighty quick tongue for a peasant wench!

MRS. JOURDAIN

Nicole is right; she has more sense than you have. I'd like to know what use you have for a dancing-master, at your time of life.

NICOLE

And for a great gawk of a fencing-master, who comes stamping round and shaking the whole house down, and tears up all the tiles in the floor.

MR. JOURDAIN

Silence, you, servant, and you, wife.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Do you want to learn to dance, against the time you 'll have no more legs?

NICOLE

Do you want to murder somebody?

MR. JOURDAIN

Silence, I say; you are both ignoramuses. You don't know the prerogatives of all this.

MRS. JOURDAIN

You 'd do much better to think of getting your daughter married, now that she 's of an age to be established in life.

MR. JOURDAIN

I shall think of marrying my daughter when there appears a fit match for her, but in the meantime I shall think of learning fine things.

NICOLE

What 's more, madam, I 've heard that to-day, to make the mess worse, he 's got him a philosopher.

MR. JOURDAIN

In good deed I have. I mean to have learning, and know how to talk upon various subjects in polite society.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Won't you go to school one of these days, and get a flogging, at your age?

MR. JOURDAIN

Why not? Would to God I were flogged presently, and before everyone, could I but know the things they learn at school!

NICOLE

Yes, faith, that would mightily help the shape of your legs.

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes indeed.

MRS. JOURDAIN

All that is mighty needful for the management of your house.

MR. JOURDAIN

Certainly it is. You both talk like idiots, and I am ashamed of your ignorance. (*To Mrs. Jourdain*) Now do you know, for instance, what you are speaking at this moment?

MRS. JOURDAIN

Yes, I know that what I am speaking is mighty well spoken, and that you ought to change your ways.

MR. JOURDAIN

I don't mean that. I'm asking you what the words are that you are speaking now?

MRS. JOURDAIN

They're mighty sensible, and that's more than can be said of your conduct.

MR. JOURDAIN

I don't mean that, I tell you. I'm asking you

what this is that I 'm speaking to you, that I 'm saying to you now?

MRS. JOURDAIN

'T is stuff and nonsense.

MR. JOURDAIN

No, no, it is not that. What are both of us saying, the language we are using at this moment?

MRS. JOURDAIN

Well?

MR. JOURDAIN

What is it called?

MRS. JOURDAIN

It is called whatever you please to call it.

MR. JOURDAIN

It is prose, ignoramus.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Prose?

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes, prose. All that is prose is not verse; and all that is not verse is not prose. There! see what it is to study. (*To Nicole*) Now you, do you know what you must do to say U?

NICOLE

How?

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes. What do you do when you say U?

NICOLE

What?

MR. JOURDAIN

Just say U, to see.

NICOLE

Well! U.

MR. JOURDAIN

What did you do?

NICOLE

I said U.

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes; but when you said U, what did you do?

NICOLE

I did as you bid me.

MR. JOURDAIN

Oh! what a thing it is to have to deal with dunces! You thrust out your lips, and let the under jaw fall to meet the upper: U, d' ye see? U, I make a face: U.

NICOLE

Yes, 't is fine.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Quite wonderful.

MR. JOURDAIN

'T is still finer if you had only seen O, and D, D, and F, F.

MRS. JOURDAIN

What 's all this rigmarole?

NICOLE

What does it all cure you of?

MR. JOURDAIN

It makes me furious to see such ignorant females.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Go to, you ought to send all those folks packing, with their fol-de-rols.

NICOLE

Especially that great scraggy lout of a fencing-master, who fills my whole house with dust.

MR. JOURDAIN

Hoity-toity, that fencing-master sticks in your crop! I 'll show you your foolishness presently. (*He orders the foils to be brought, and gives one to Nicole.*) There, now for demonstrative proof. The line of the body. When anyone thrusts at you in quart you have only to do this, and when one thrusts at you in tierce, you have only to do this. That 's the sure way never to be killed; and is n't it a fine thing to know what to trust to when you have to fight anyone? Now, thrust at me a little, to see.

NICOLE

Well then! Now. (*Nicole gives him several thrusts.*)

MR. JOURDAIN

Softly! Ho! Hold! Oh! gently. Deuce take the minx!

NICOLE

You tell me to thrust.

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes; but you thrust at me in tierce before you thrust in quart, and you don't have patience to wait till I parry.

MRS. JOURDAIN

You 're out of your mind, husband, with all your fads; it has all come upon you since you 've taken it into your head to keep company with the nobility.

MR. JOURDAIN

In keeping company with the nobility I show my judgment; 't is much better than herding with your vulgar sort.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Yes, my faith and troth! there is much to be gained by going with your nobility, and you 've made great work on 't with this fine gentleman the Count, whom you 're so bewitched with!

MR. JOURDAIN

Silence; take care what you say. Do you know, wife, that you don't know of whom you 're speaking, when you speak of him? He is a person of more importance than you think, a great lord who is respected at court, and who speaks to the king just for all the world as I 'm talking to you now. Is n't it a thing that does me huge honour, to have a person of his quality come to see me so often, and call me his dear friend, and treat me as if I were his equal? He has such kindness for me as you 'd never guess;

and he embraces me before people so much that I am confounded at it myself.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Yes, he 's mighty kind and caressing with you; but he borrows your money.

MR. JOURDAIN

Well! is n't it an honour to me, to lend money to a man of his rank? And could I do less for a lord who calls me his dear friend?

MRS. JOURDAIN

And what does this lord do for you?

MR. JOURDAIN

Things that would astonish you, if you did but know them.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Well, what?

MR. JOURDAIN

Enough! I cannot explain myself. 'T is sufficient that if I have lent him money, he will pay it back exactly, and that before long.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Yes. Just you wait till he does.

MR. JOURDAIN

Certainly. Did n't he say he would?

MRS. JOURDAIN

Yes, yes, you can trust him—not to.

MR. JOURDAIN

He swore to me on his honour as a gentleman.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Rubbish!

MR. JOURDAIN

Heyday! you are hugely obstinate, wife! I tell you he will keep his word to me; I am sure of it.

MRS. JOURDAIN

And I am sure he won't; and all the caresses he loads you with are only to wheedle you.

MR. JOURDAIN

Hold your tongue. Here he comes.

MRS. JOURDAIN

That is the last straw. Perhaps he's coming to borrow some more of you. The very sight of him takes away my appetite.

MR. JOURDAIN

Hold your tongue, I tell you.

SCENE IV

DORANTE, MR. JOURDAIN, MRS. JOURDAIN, NICOLE

DORANTE

My dear friend, Mr. Jourdain, how are you to-day?

MR. JOURDAIN

Very well, sir, and humbly at your service.

DORANTE

And Mrs. Jourdain there, how does she do?

MRS. JOURDAIN

Mrs. Jourdain does as well as she can.

DORANTE

Why! Mr. Jourdain, you 're dressed most genteelly.

MR. JOURDAIN

As you see.

DORANTE

You make a fine figure in that suit! There 's never a young fellow at court that is better set up than you are.

MR. JOURDAIN

Eh, eh!

MRS. JOURDAIN, *aside*

He scratches him where it itches.

DORANTE

Turn round. 'T is altogether elegant.

MRS. JOURDAIN, *aside*

Yes, as much fool behind as before.

DORANTE

'Pon honour, Mr. Jourdain, I was in a great impatience to see you. You are the man I esteem most in all the world; and I was speaking of you again, this morning, in the King's bed-chamber.

MR. JOURDAIN

You do me much honour, sir. (*To Mrs. Jourdain*) In the King's bed-chamber!

DORANTE

Come, put your hat on.

MR. JOURDAIN

Sir, I know the respect I owe to you.

DORANTE

Bless me, put it on. No ceremony between us, I beseech you.

MR. JOURDAIN

Sir . . .

DORANTE

Put it on, I tell you, Mr. Jourdain; you are my friend.

MR. JOURDAIN

Sir, I am your humble servant.

DORANTE

I will not be covered unless you are.

MR. JOURDAIN, *putting on his hat*

I 'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome.

DORANTE

I am your debtor, as you know.

MRS. JOURDAIN, *aside*

Yes; we know it only too well.

DORANTE

You have generously lent me money on several occasions, and have done me that service with the best grace in the world, I must say.

MR. JOURDAIN

Oh! sir.

DORANTE

But I know how to repay what is lent me, and show my gratitude for the favours done me.

MR. JOURDAIN

I do not doubt it, sir.

DORANTE

I want to settle with you, and have come now to make up our accounts together.

MR. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mrs. Jourdain*

There, wife! you see how wrong you were.

DORANTE

I like to get out of debt as soon as I can.

MR. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mrs. Jourdain*

I told you so.

DORANTE

Let us see how much I owe you.

MR. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mrs. Jourdain*

Now where are you, with your absurd suspicions?

DORANTE

Do you remember exactly all the money you have lent me?

MR. JOURDAIN

I think so. I have made a little memorandum of it. Here it is. Given to you at one time, two hundred louis.

DORANTE

True.

MR. JOURDAIN

Another time, six score.

DORANTE

Just so.

MR. JOURDAIN

And another time, one hundred and forty.

DORANTE

Right.

MR. JOURDAIN

These three items make four hundred and sixty louis, which come to five thousand and sixty francs.

DORANTE

The reckoning is exact. Five thousand and sixty francs.

MR. JOURDAIN

One thousand eight hundred and thirty-two francs to your feather-merchant.

DORANTE

Precisely.

MR. JOURDAIN

Two thousand seven hundred and eighty francs to your tailor.

DORANTE

Right again.

MR. JOURDAIN

Four thousand three hundred and seventy-nine francs, twelve sous, and eight deniers to your draper.

DORANTE

Excellent. Twelve sous and eight deniers; the account is exact.

MR. JOURDAIN

And one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight francs, seven sous, and four deniers to your saddler.

DORANTE

Everything is correct. How much does it all make?

MR. JOURDAIN

Sum total, fifteen thousand eight hundred francs.

DORANTE

Sum total, right. Fifteen thousand eight hundred francs. Now add two hundred pistoles more which you will give me: that will make exactly eighteen thousand francs, which I will pay you at the earliest opportunity.

MRS. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mr. Jourdain*

Well! did n't I guess right?

MR. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mrs. Jourdain*

Silence.

DORANTE

Will it inconvenience you, to give me the sum in question?

MR. JOURDAIN

Oh! no.

MRS. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mr. Jourdain*

The fellow takes you for a milch cow.

MR. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mrs. Jourdain*

Hold your tongue.

DORANTE

If it incommodes you, I will go seek it elsewhere.

MR. JOURDAIN

No, sir.

MRS. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mr. Jourdain*

He will not be satisfied till he has ruined you.

MR. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mrs. Jourdain*

Hold your tongue, I tell you.

DORANTE

If it puts you out, you need only say so.

MR. JOURDAIN

By no means, sir.

MRS. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mr. Jourdain*

He 's a regular swindler.

MR. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mrs. Jourdain*

Be still, will you!

MRS. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mr. Jourdain*

He 'll drain you to the last penny.

MR. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mrs. Jourdain*

Will you be still?

DORANTE

There are many people who would gladly lend it to me, but since you are my best friend, I thought I should be wronging you if I asked anyone else for it.

MR. JOURDAIN

You do me too much honour, sir. I will go fetch it for you.

MRS. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mr. Jourdain*

What! You are going to let him have that too?

MR. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mrs. Jourdain*

What can I do? Would you have me refuse a man of his rank, who spoke of me this morning in the King's bed-chamber?

MRS. JOURDAIN, *aside to Mr. Jourdain*

Go to, you are a downright dupe.

SCENE V

DORANTE, MRS. JOURDAIN, NICOLE

DORANTE

You seem quite pensive. What is the matter, Mrs. Jourdain?

MRS. JOURDAIN

I 've a head that 's bigger than a fist, and it 's not swollen, either.

DORANTE

And where is your daughter, that I have n't seen her?

MRS. JOURDAIN

My daughter is all right where she is.

DORANTE

How does she get on?

MRS. JOURDAIN

On her two legs.

DORANTE

Will you not some day bring her to see the ballet and the play that are given at the King's?

MRS. JOURDAIN

Yes, faith! We have a great fancy for laughing, a great fancy for laughing have we.

DORANTE

I think, Mrs. Jourdain, you must have had many lovers when you were young, being so handsome and sweet-tempered.

MRS. JOURDAIN

By 'r Lady, sir! Is Mrs. Jourdain decrepit, and does her head wag already?

DORANTE

Oh, 'pon honour, Mrs. Jourdain, I beg your par-

don! I forgot that you are young now. I am so often absent-minded. I beg you to excuse my impertinence.

SCENE VI

MR. JOURDAIN, MRS. JOURDAIN, DORANTE, NICOLE

MR. JOURDAIN, *to Dorante*

Here are two hundred louis in good cash.

DORANTE

I assure you, Mr. Jourdain, that I am yours with all my heart, and I long to do you some service at court.

MR. JOURDAIN

I am exceedingly obliged to you.

DORANTE

If Mrs. Jourdain would like to see the royal diversions, I will get her the best seats in the ball-room.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Mrs. Jourdain is your humble servant.

DORANTE, *aside to Mr. Jourdain*

Our fair Marquise, as I told you in my letter, will come here presently for the ballet and collation; I have at last persuaded her to accept the treat you wish to give her.

MR. JOURDAIN

Let us go a little farther off, for good reason.

DORANTE

'T is a week since I saw you; and I have sent you no news of the diamond you put in my hands to give her in your name; that is because I had the greatest difficulty in overcoming her scruples; and it was not till to-day that she could be brought to accept it.

MR. JOURDAIN

How did she like it?

DORANTE

Marvellous well; and unless I am much mistaken, the beauty of this diamond will do wonders with her in your favour.

MR. JOURDAIN

Heaven grant it!

MRS. JOURDAIN, *to Nicole*

Once he is with him, he can never leave him.

DORANTE

I cried up properly to her the richness of your present, and the violence of your love.

MR. JOURDAIN

This, sir, is kindness that quite overwhelms me; I am in the greatest confusion, to see a person of your quality lower himself for my sake to such things as you do.

DORANTE

You don't mean it. Does one ever stop at such scruples, between friends? Would you not do as much for me, if the occasion offered?

MR. JOURDAIN

Oh, surely, and with all my heart.

MRS. JOURDAIN, *to Nicole*

How his presence weighs upon me!

DORANTE

For my part, I stick at nothing when a friend is to be served; so, as soon as you confided to me the passion you had conceived for this charming Marquise, with whom I was intimate, you saw how I offered at once, and of my own accord, to serve your love.

MR. JOURDAIN

True. Such kindness fills me with confusion.

MRS. JOURDAIN, *to Nicole*

Will he never be gone?

NICOLE

They seem very thick together.

DORANTE

You have gone the right way about it to touch her heart. Women love above all things the expense we are at on their account; your frequent serenades, your bouquets sent every day, the magnificent display of fireworks which she found prepared for her on the water, the diamond she received from you, and the entertainment you are now arranging for her, all speak in favour of your love better than any words you could have said to her yourself.

MR. JOURDAIN

There is no expense I would not go to, if thereby

I might find the way to her heart. A woman of quality has entrancing charms for me; 't is an honour I would buy at any cost.

MRS. JOURDAIN, *aside to Nicole*

What can they have to talk about so much? Just go up quietly and listen.

DORANTE

You shall presently enjoy at your ease the pleasure of seeing her; and your eyes shall have full time to feast themselves.

MR. JOURDAIN

To be fully at liberty, I have arranged to have my wife go and dine at my sister's, and spend all the afternoon there.

DORANTE

You did wisely, for your wife might have been in the way. I have given the necessary orders for you to the cook, and for everything that is needful in the ballet. It is my own invention, and if the execution is adequate to the conception, I am sure it will be thought . . .

MR. JOURDAIN, *seeing that Nicole is listening, and giving her a cuff*

Odso! you 're mighty impertinent. (*To Dorante*) Let us go out, if you please.

SCENE VII

MRS. JOURDAIN, NICOLE

NICOLE

Faith, ma'am, my curiosity has cost me some-

thing, but I think there 's mischief afoot; they 're talking about some affair they don't want you to be at.

MRS. JOURDAIN

This is not the first time, Nicole, that I have had suspicions of my husband. Either I 'm much mistaken, or there 's some love-affair in the wind; I am doing my best to discover what it can be. But let's think of my daughter. You know Cléonte's love for her; he is a man after my own heart; and I mean to favour his suit, and let him have Lucile, if I can.

NICOLE

Troth, ma'am, I am mightily charmed to find you in this way of thinking; for if the master hits your fancy, the man pleases mine no less, and I could wish our marriage might be made under the shadow of theirs.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Go and speak to him of it, from me, and tell him to come and see me presently, so that we may join in asking my husband for his daughter's hand.

NICOLE

I fly with joy, ma'am; I could n't have a pleasanter errand. (*Alone*) Methinks I shall make some people mighty happy.

SCENE VIII

CLEONTE, COVIELLE, NICOLE

NICOLE, *to Cléonte*

Ah! here you are in the nick o' time! I am an ambassadress of joy, and have come to . . .

CLEONTE

Begone, perfidious girl, and don't come wasting my time with treacherous words.

NICOLE

Is that the way you receive . . .

CLEONTE

Begone, I say; go this instant and tell your false mistress she shall never more deceive the too credulous Cléonte.

NICOLE

What crazy whim is this? My dear Covielle, do tell me what it means.

COVIELLE

Your dear Covielle, minx! Go, quick, out of my sight, hussy, and let me alone.

NICOLE

What! do you too . . .?

COVIELLE

Out of my sight, I say, and never speak to me again as long as you live.

NICOLE, *aside*

Hoity-toity! what a flea's in both their ears? I 'll go tell my mistress of these fine doings.

SCENE IX

CLEONTE, COVIELLE

CLEONTE

What! treat a lover in such fashion, and that lover the most constant and passionate of lovers!

COVIELLE

'T is a horrid trick they have served us both.

CLEONTE

I show a young woman all the ardour and tenderness that can be imagined; I love nothing but her in all the world, and think of naught but her; she is my only care, my only hope, my only joy; I speak but of her, I think but of her, I dream but of her, for her alone I live and breathe; and such, now, is the fit reward of all my devotion! I live without seeing her for two whole days, that seem to me two frightful centuries; then fortune lets me meet her; my heart, at the sight, feels all elated, my joy shines in my face, I fly to her in ecstasy, and the traitress turns away her eyes, and passes brusquely by, as if in all her life she 'd never seen me!

COVIELLE

I say the same as you.

CLEONTE

Was anything ever known, Covielle, like the perfidy of the ungrateful Lucile?

COVIELLE

Or like that, sir, of the jade Nicole?

CLEONTE

After all the ardent sacrifices, all the sighs and vows, that I have laid upon the altar of her charms!

COVIELLE

After all the attentions, all the cares and services, that I have rendered her in her kitchen!

CLEONTE

All the tears I have poured at her feet!

COVIELLE

All the buckets of water I have drawn for her at the well!

CLEONTE

All the warmth I have shown in cherishing her more than myself!

COVIELLE

All the heat I have borne in turning the spit in her stead!

CLEONTE

She avoids me with disdain!

COVIELLE

She turns her back on me with impudence!

CLEONTE

'T is perfidy that is worthy of the utmost punishment.

COVIELLE

'T is treason that deserves a thousand cuffs.

CLEONTE

Pray never think of speaking in her favour.

COVIELLE

What, I, sir? Heaven forbid!

CLEONTE

Do not, ah! do not palliate the conduct of this traitress.

COVIELLE

Never fear.

CLEONTE

No, don't you understand, all you can say in her defence will be quite useless.

COVIELLE

Who dreams of such a thing?

CLEONTE

I mean to cherish my resentment, and break off all intercourse.

COVIELLE

I give my consent.

CLEONTE

This same Count who haunts the house has perhaps caught her fancy; I can well see she's dazzled by the quality. I must, for my own honour, forestall the triumph of her faithlessness. I am determined to make as much haste as she toward the change I find she's seeking, and not to leave her all the credit of abandoning me.

COVIELLE

'T is bravely spoken, and I share all your feelings.

CLEONTE

Yes, second my resentment, and support my resolution against whatever lingering love might yet plead with me for her. Say of her, I entreat you, all the ill you can. Draw me a portrait of her that shall make her despicable to me, and to disgust me with her insist on all the defects you can find in her.



COVIELLE

In her? Ho! a fine affected minx, a pretty little squeamish beauty, to make you so enamoured of her! I see in her nothing but what 's most indifferent; and you can find a hundred fair ones more worthy of you. In the first place, she has small eyes.

CLEONTE

'T is true her eyes are small, but they are full of fire, they are the most sparkling, the most piercing, the most sympathetic eyes ever seen.

COVIELLE

Her mouth is large.

CLEONTE

Yes; but it has a grace in it not to be found in other mouths; the very sight of it rouses desire, 't is the most winning, the loveliest in the world.

COVIELLE

As for her figure, she 's little.

CLEONTE

Yes; but she 's graceful and well proportioned.

COVIELLE

She affects a certain indifference in her speech and manner.

CLEONTE

True; but she has such a grace in it all, and her ways are so engaging, with an indescribable charm that wins its way to people's hearts.

COVIELLE

As to wit . . .

CLEONTE

Ah! that she has, Covielle, and the subtlest and most delicate.

COVIELLE

Her conversation . . .

CLEONTE

Her conversation is charming.

COVIELLE

She is always grave.

CLEONTE

Would you have boisterous gaiety, and ever-bubbling merriment? Is there anything more foolish than those women that are always giggling?

COVIELLE

But anyhow, she's as capricious as can be.

CLEONTE

Yes, she's capricious, that I grant you; but everything is becoming in a pretty woman; we bear with everything from the sex.

COVIELLE

Since that is the way of it, I see plainly that you mean to love her still.

CLEONTE

I? I had rather die; I shall hate her as much as once I loved.

COVIELLE

How can you, if you think her so perfect?

CLEONTE

Thereby shall my vengeance be all the more signal, thereby shall I better show the strength of my resolution, in hating and abandoning her, so fair, so full of charm, so lovely as she is. Here she comes.

SCENE X

LUCILE, CLEONTE, COVIELLE, NICOLE

NICOLE, *to Lucile*

For my part, I was altogether scandalised at it.

LUCILE

It can be nothing else but what I told you, Nicole. But there he is.

CLEONTE, *to Covielle*

I will not so much as speak to her.

COVIELLE

I will follow your example.

LUCILE

What is it, Cléonte? What is the matter?

NICOLE

What ails you, Covielle?

LUCILE

What anger possesses you?

NICOLE

What tantrum has seized you now?

LUCILE

Are you dumb, Cléonte?

NICOLE

Have you lost your tongue, Covielle?

CLEONTE

How abandoned!

COVIELLE

What a Judas!

LUCILE

I see plainly that our meeting this morning has displeased you.

CLEONTE, *to Covielle*

Oh! oh! She sees what she has done.

NICOLE

Our reception this morning has put you in a huff.

COVIELLE, *to Cléonte*

They 've guessed where the shoe pinches.

LUCILE

Is 't not so, Cléonte? Is not that the reason of your vexation?

CLEONTE

Yes, traitress, that it is, since I must speak; and I can tell you that you shall not triumph, as you think, in your faithlessness; for I shall be beforehand in breaking with you, and you shall not have the credit of discarding me. I shall find it hard, no doubt, to overcome my love for you; it will give me pain, I shall suffer for a while; but I shall compass it, and will rather thrust a dagger through my heart than be so weak as to come back to you.

COVIELLE, *to Nicole*

As he, so me.

LUCILE

Here's much ado about nothing. I'll tell you, Cléonte, what made me avoid you this morning.

CLEONTE, *starting away to avoid Lucile*

No, I won't listen to anything.

NICOLE, *to Covielle*

I'll let you know the cause of our passing you by so quickly.

COVIELLE, *starting away to avoid Nicole*

I won't hear a word.

LUCILE, *following Cléonte*

This morning, you see . . .

CLEONTE, *walking about without heeding Lucile*

No, I say.

NICOLE, *following Covielle*

Let me tell you . . .

COVIELLE, *walking about without heeding Nicole*

No, you jilt!

LUCILE

Listen.

CLEONTE

No use.

NICOLE

Hark to me.

COVIELLE

I 'm deaf.

LUCILE

Cléonte!

CLEONTE

No.

NICOLE

Covielle!

COVIELLE

Never.

LUCILE

Wait.

CLEONTE

Nonsense.

NICOLE

Hear me.

COVIELLE

Stuff.

LUCILE

Just for a moment.

CLEONTE

Not for anything.

NICOLE

Wait a bit.

COVIELLE

Fiddlesticks.

LUCILE

Just a word or two.

CLEONTE

No. All is over between us.

NICOLE

Just one word.

COVIELLE

I 'll have no more to do with you.

LUCILE, *stopping*

Well! since you won't listen to me, go on and do as you please.

NICOLE, *stopping also*

Since that 's the way with you, take it as you will.

CLEONTE, *turning toward Lucile*

Well then, let us hear the reason of our fine reception.

LUCILE, *turning away to avoid Cléonte*

I don't care, now, to tell you.

COVIELLE, *turning toward Nicole*

Tell us about the business, then.

NICOLE, *walking away to avoid Covielle*

I don't choose to, not I.

CLEONTE, *following Lucile*

Tell me . . .

LUCILE, *still walking away without heeding Cléonte*

No, I won't tell you anything.

COVIELLE, *following Nicole*

Let us hear the story.

NICOLE, *still walking away without heeding Covielle*
No, you'll hear no story from me.

CLEONTE

I beg you!

LUCILE

No, I say.

COVIELLE

For pity's sake.

NICOLE

No use.

CLEONTE

I beseech you.

LUCILE

Let me be.

COVIELLE

I entreat you.

NICOLE

Away with you.

CLEONTE

Lucile!

LUCILE

No.

COVIELLE

Nicole!

NICOLE

Never.

CLEONTE

In Heaven's name!

LUCILE

I will not.

COVIELLE

Speak to me.

NICOLE

Not for anything.

CLEONTE

Clear up my doubts.

LUCILE

No, I will do nothing of the sort.

COVIELLE

Cure my pain.

NICOLE

No, I don't care to.

CLEONTE

Well! since you are so little concerned to ease me of my suffering and justify yourself for the unworthy manner in which you have treated my love, this is the last time, ungrateful girl, that you shall ever see me; I shall go far away from you, to die of grief and love.

COVIELLE, *to Nicole*

And I shall follow in his footsteps.

LUCILE, *to Cléonte as he is going*

Cléonte!

NICOLE, *to Covielle, as he is going*

Covielle!

CLEONTE, *stopping*

Eh?

COVIELLE, *stopping too*

What say?

LUCILE

Where are you going?

CLEONTE

Where I told you.

COVIELLE

We are going to die.

LUCILE

You are going to die, Cléonte?

CLEONTE

Yes, cruel one, since you will have it so.

LUCILE

I! I will have you die?

CLEONTE

Yes, you will it.

LUCILE

Who tells you that?

CLEONTE, *going nearer to Lucile*

Do you not will it, when you refuse to clear up my suspicions?

LUCILE

Is that my fault? If you had been willing to listen to me, should I not have told you that the affair you resent was caused by the presence this morning of an old aunt, who insists that the mere approach of a man dishonours a girl, and is forever preaching at us on this text, and representing all men as so many devils that we must flee from?

NICOLE, *to Covielle*

That is the whole secret.

CLEONTE

Are you not deceiving me, Lucile?

COVIELLE, *to Nicole*

Are n't you putting a trick on me?

LUCILE, *to Cléonte*

Nothing could be truer.

NICOLE, *to Covielle*

That is just how it is.

COVIELLE, *to Cléonte*

Shall we give in to this?

CLEONTE

Ah! Lucile, how you can with one word bring back peace to my heart; how easily we let ourselves be persuaded by those we love.

COVIELLE

How easily we are wheedled by these little devils.

SCENE XI

Mrs. Jourdain, Cleonte, Lucile, Covielle, Nicole

MRS. JOURDAIN

I am very glad to see you, Cléonte; you are here in the nick of time. My husband is coming; seize this chance to ask him for Lucile.

CLEONTE

Ah! madam, how dear are your words, how they flatter my desires! Could I receive a command more charming, a favour more precious?

SCENE XII

Cleonte, Mr. Jourdain, Mrs. Jourdain, Lucile, Covielle, Nicole

CLEONTE

Sir, I would let no one speak for me, to make of you a request that I have long had in my thoughts. It concerns me so closely that I must do it myself, and without further circumlocution I will inform you that the honour of being your son-in-law is a proud favour which I beg you to grant me.

MR. JOURDAIN

Before giving you your answer, sir, I beg you to tell me whether you are a gentleman.

CLEONTE

Sir, on this point most people would not hesitate long; the word is easily spoken. People have no scruple about assuming the title, and common custom nowadays seems to authorise the theft. But I must own that I feel somewhat more delicately upon

this subject. I think any imposture is unworthy of a true man, and there is a baseness in disguising that birth which Heaven chose for us, in tricking oneself out before the world in a stolen title, and trying to pass for what one is not. My forbears did indeed hold honourable employments; I have won for myself the honour of six years' service under arms; and I am rich enough to keep up a fair rank in society; but for all that I do not choose to give myself a name which others in my place might think they could lay claim to, and I will tell you frankly that I am not of gentle birth.

MR. JOURDAIN

Your hand on it, sir; my daughter is not for you.

CLEONTE

What?

MR. JOURDAIN

You are not a gentleman born, you shall not have my daughter.

MRS. JOURDAIN

What d' ye mean with your gentleman born? Are we of the rib of St. Louis ourselves?

MR. JOURDAIN

Hold your tongue, wife; I see what you're coming at.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Did either of us come of any but honest tradesmen?

MR. JOURDAIN

Just listen to her, will you!

MRS. JOURDAIN

And was n't your father a shopkeeper as well as mine?

MR. JOURDAIN

Plague take the woman! she always does it. If your father was a shopkeeper, so much the worse for him; but as for mine, they 're malaperts who say so. All I have to say to you, is that I mean to have a gentleman for son-in-law.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Your daughter should have a husband that is a proper match for her; and she 'd be better off with a good honest fellow, rich and handsome, than with a beggarly broken-down nobleman.

NICOLE

That 's so; there 's the Squire's son in our village, who 's the greatest lout and the silliest noodle I ever set eyes on.

MR. JOURDAIN, *to Nicole*

Hold your prate, Mistress Impertinence. You 're always thrusting yourself into the conversation. I have riches enough for my daughter; all I need is honours, so I shall make her a marquise.

MRS. JOURDAIN

A marquise?

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes, a marquise.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Ah! Heaven save us from that!

MR. JOURDAIN

'T is a thing I am resolved on.

MRS. JOURDAIN

'T is a thing to which I shall never consent. Your marriages with people above you are always subject to wretched vexations. I don't want my daughter to have a husband that can reproach her with her parents, and children that will be ashamed to call me grandma. If she should come to call on me in her fine lady's equipage, and fail by chance to bow to any of the neighbours, they would be sure to say a hundred ill-natured things. "D'ye see," they 'd say, "this marquise that gives herself such airs? She's the daughter of Mr. Jourdain, and she was only too happy, when she was little, to play at My Lady with us. She has n't always been so high and mighty as all that, and her grandfathers were both drapers beside St. Innocent's Gate. They piled up a good fortune for their children, which they 're paying mighty dear for now, may be, in another world; riches like that are n't got by honest practices." I don't want all this cackle, and, in a word, I want a man who shall be beholden to me for my daughter, and to whom I can say: "Sit down there, son-in-law, and have dinner with me."

MR. JOURDAIN

Those are the sentiments of a petty soul, willing to stay forever in a mean station. Don't talk back to me any more. My daughter shall be a marquise, in spite of all the world, and if you provoke me I 'll make her a duchess.

SCENE XIII

MRS. JOURDAIN, LUCILE, CLEONTE, NICOLE, COVIELLE

MRS. JOURDAIN

Cléonte, don't lose heart yet. (*To Lucile*) Follow me, daughter; come and tell your father boldly that if you cannot have him, you won't marry anybody.

SCENE XIV

CLEONTE, COVIELLE

COVIELLE

You 've made fine work of it, with your lofty sentiments.

CLEONTE

What can I do? I have scruples in this matter which the example of others cannot overcome.

COVIELLE

What nonsense, to take things seriously with such a man! Don't you see he is off his head? Would it have cost you anything to have accommodated yourself to his chimeras?

CLEONTE

You are right; but I did n't suppose one had to bring his proofs of nobility in order to become Mr. Jourdain's son-in-law.

COVIELLE, *laughing*

Ha! ha! ha!

CLEONTE

What are you laughing at?

COVIELLE

At an idea that has come into my head, to trick the fellow, and get you what you want.

CLEONTE

How?

COVIELLE

The idea is altogether comical.

CLEONTE

But what is it?

COVIELLE

There was a certain masquerade performed not long ago, which fits in here excellently, and which I mean to work into a burlesque that I 'll play upon our coxcomb. The thing borders on farce; but with him, we can venture anything; we need n't be too particular, for he is a man to play his rôle in it to a marvel, and swallow greedily all the absurdities we take it into our heads to tell him. I have the actors and costumes all ready; just let me alone for it.

CLEONTE

But tell me . . .

COVIELLE

I will let you know all about it. But let 's get away; here he is, coming back.

SCENE XV

MR. JOURDAIN, *alone*

What the devil does it mean? They are always taunting me with my great lords, and I think nothing

is so fine as keeping company with great lords; there 's nothing but honour and civility among 'em, and I 'd gladly give two fingers off my hand, to have been born a count or a marquis.

SCENE XVI

MR. JOURDAIN, LACKEY

LACKEY

Sir, here is the Count, and a lady he 's handing in.

MR. JOURDAIN

Eh! bless me! I have some orders to give. Tell them I shall be here presently.

SCENE XVII

DORIMENE, DORANTE, LACKEY

LACKEY

Master says as how he 'll be here presently.

DORANTE

Very well.

SCENE XVIII

DORIMENE, DORANTE

DORIMENE

I don't know, Dorante; I am taking still another strange step in letting you bring me to a house where I have no acquaintance.

DORANTE

What place then, madam, would you have my love choose to entertain you in, since to avoid

scandal you will not have it be either your house or mine?

DORIMENE

But you forget to say that I am letting myself be drawn on day by day, by receiving too great tokens of your love. In vain do I refuse things, you weary out my resistance, and you have a courteous obstinacy that gently brings me to do everything you wish. It began with frequent visits, declarations came next, and after them serenades and entertainments, followed now by presents. I have resisted it all; but you will not be discouraged, and step by step you get the better of my resolves. I can answer for nothing now, and think that in the end you will bring me to matrimony, which was so far from my thoughts.

DORANTE

Faith, madam, you ought to have been brought to it already. You are a widow, and dependent on no one but yourself; I am my own master, and love you more than life; what stands in the way of your making me completely happy to-day?

DORIMENE

Dear me! Dorante, there must be many good qualities on both sides for two people to live happily together; and the two most reasonable people in the world often find it hard to make a satisfactory match.

DORANTE

You are in the wrong, madam, to imagine so many difficulties; the experiment you have made does not prove anything for other cases.

DORIMENE

At any rate, I come back to this one point: the expense you go to for me disturbs me for two reasons: first, because it commits me more than I could wish; and second, because I am sure, if you will allow me to say it, that you cannot do this without incommoding yourself; and that I would not have.

DORANTE

Ah! madam, these things are trifles; 't is not in that way . . .

DORIMENE

I know what I am saying; and, for instance, the diamond which you have forced me to accept, is of such value . . .

DORANTE

Eh! madam, I beg you, do not make so much of a thing which my love deems unworthy of you, and allow me . . . But here is the master of the house.

SCENE XIX

MR. JOURDAIN, DORIMENE, DORANTE

MR. JOURDAIN, *after having made two bows, finding himself too near Dorimène*

A little farther off, madam.

DORIMENE

What?

MR. JOURDAIN

Just a step, if you please.

DORIMENE

What do you mean?

MR. JOURDAIN

Fall back a little, for the third one.

DORANTE

Madam, Mr. Jourdain knows his manners.

MR. JOURDAIN

Madam, it is a great pride for me to see myself fortunate enough to be so happy as to have the felicity that you should have had the kindness to grant me the grace of doing me the honour of honouring me with the favour of your presence; and if I had but the worth to be worthy of such worth as yours, and if Heaven . . . envious of my happiness . . . had granted me . . . the advantage of finding myself worthy . . . of the . . .

DORANTE

That will do, Mr. Jourdain. Madam does not care for great compliments, and knows that you 're a man of wit. (*Aside to Dorimène*) He is a worthy citizen, ridiculous enough, as you see, in all his behaviour.

DORIMENE, *aside to Dorante*

'T is not hard to see that.

DORANTE

Madam, this is my best friend.

MR. JOURDAIN

'T is too much honour you do me

DORANTE

A gallant man, every inch of him.

DORIMENE

I have a very great esteem for him.

MR. JOURDAIN

I have done nothing as yet, madam, to deserve this favour.

DORANTE, *aside to Mr. Jourdain*

Be sure you take good care not to speak to her of the diamond you gave her.

MR. JOURDAIN, *aside to Dorante*

Could n't I just ask her how she likes it?

DORANTE, *aside to Mr. Jourdain*

What! On no account. It would be vulgar in you; to behave gallantly you must act as if it were not you that had given her this present. (*Aloud*) Mr. Jourdain, madam, says he is enraptured to see you at his house.

DORIMENE

He honours me greatly.

MR. JOURDAIN, *aside to Dorante*

How obliged I am to you, sir, for speaking thus on my account!

DORANTE, *aside to Mr. Jourdain*

I have had the greatest difficulty in getting her to come here.

MR. JOURDAIN, *aside to Dorante*

How can I ever thank you enough?

DORANTE

Madam, he says he thinks you the most beautiful woman in the world.

DORIMENE

'T is too much favour he does me.

MR. JOURDAIN

Madam, 't is you that do all the favours; and . . .

DORANTE

Let us think of the dinner.

SCENE XX

MR. JOURDAIN, DORIMENE, DORANTE, LACKEY

LACKEY, *to Mr. Jourdain*

Everything is ready, sir.

DORANTE

Let us go and sit down, then, and send for the musicians.

SCENE XXI

BALLET

The six cooks who prepared the feast dance together, making the third interlude; after which they bring in a table covered with various dishes.

ACT IV

SCENE I

DORANTE, DORIMENE, MR. JOURDAIN; THREE SINGERS, ONE WOMAN AND TWO MEN; LACKEY

DORIMENE

Why, Dorante, this is altogether a magnificent feast.

MR. JOURDAIN

You are pleased to say so; but I could wish it were more worthy of your acceptance. (*All sit down at table.*)

DORANTE

Mr. Jourdain is right, madam, to speak as he does; and I am grateful to him for doing the honours of his house so well. I agree with him that the repast is not worthy of you. Since I ordered it, and since I am not so clever in these matters as some of our friends, you have not here a very learned feast, and will find in it some incongruities of good cheer, some barbarisms of taste. If our friend Damis had had a hand in it, everything would be according to the rules; there would be elegance and erudition at every point, and he would not fail to cry up beyond measure, himself, all the features of the treat he was giving you, and compel you to admit his high capacity in the science of good eating; he would

tell you of a fancy loaf baked by itself, with golden kissing crust all the way round that crunches softly between your teeth; of a wine with a velvety body, relieved by a tang that 's not too strong; of a shoulder of mutton garnished with parsley; of a loin of Normandy meadow-veal, as long as this, white, delicate, and like real almond paste between your teeth; of partridges set off with a sauce of wondrous flavour; and, for his masterpiece, of a pearl broth, reinforced by a plump young turkey with little pigeons at the four corners, and a garnish of white onions blended with chicory. But as for me, I must own my ignorance; and, as Mr. Jourdain very well said, I could wish the feast were more worthy of your acceptance.

DORIMENE

My only answer to this compliment is to eat as I am doing.

MR. JOURDAIN

Ah! what beautiful hands you have!

DORIMENE

The hands are nothing to boast of, Mr. Jourdain; you must mean the diamond, which is very handsome.

MR. JOURDAIN

I, madam? Heaven forbid that I should speak of it! That would not be well bred; and the diamond is a very trifle.

DORIMENE

You are mighty hard to please.

MR. JOURDAIN

You are only too kind . . .

DORANTE, *making signs to Mr. Jourdain*

Come, give some wine to Mr. Jourdain, and to the musicians, who will do us the favour of singing a drinking song.

DORIMENE

You add a wondrous relish to good cheer by mingling music with it, and I find myself royally entertained here.

MR. JOURDAIN

Madam, 't is not . . .

DORANTE

Mr. Jourdain, let us be silent and listen to our musicians; what they will let us hear will be much better than all you and I could say. (*The singers, taking glasses, sing two drinking songs, accompanied by full orchestra.*)

FIRST DRINKING SONG

Phillis, a thimbleful, and be not loth ;
In your fair hands a glass has wondrous charms !
You and the wine, you lend each other arms ;
I feel my love redoubled for you both.
To wine, and to each other, O my fair,
Eternal love we 'll swear !

The wine wins added graces from your lips,
Yet leaves your lips more lovely than before!
Each makes me long to taste the other more,
From both my heart intoxication sips.

To wine, and to each other, O my fair,
Eternal love we 'll swear!

SECOND DRINKING SONG

Come drink, come drink, dear friends!
Time steals our life away;
Let 's use it while we may,
For soon it ends.

Once past the Stygian shore,
Farewell good wine and love.
Drink now, for then 't will prove
We 'll drink no more.

Leave fools their reasonings fine
On life's felicity;
We 'll seek philosophy
In pots of wine.

All else is powerless
To drive dull care away;
In drinking well each day,
Lies happiness.

THE THREE SINGERS TOGETHER

Quick, quick, the wine, boys, pour to everyone!
Pour, pour again, until we say: "Have done!"

DORIMENE

I think 't is impossible to sing better; that is altogether beautiful.

MR. JOURDAIN

Ah! madam, I see here something more beautiful still.

DORIMENE

Indeed! Mr. Jourdain is more of a courtier than I thought.

DORANTE

Why, madam! what do you take Mr. Jourdain for?

MR. JOURDAIN

I wish she would take me for whatever I 'd name.

DORIMENE

Again?

DORANTE, *to Dorimène*

You don't know him yet.

MR. JOURDAIN

She shall know me whenever she will.

DORIMENE

Oh! I give up.

DORANTE

He 's always ready with his repartee. But you have n't noticed, madam, that Mr. Jourdain eats all the pieces you have touched.

DORIMENE

Mr. Jourdain is a man who charms me.

MR. JOURDAIN

If I could charm your heart, I should be . . .

SCENE II

Mrs. Jourdain, Mr. Jourdain, Dorimene, Dorante, Musicians, Lackey

MRS. JOURDAIN

Oh! oh! I find good company here, and I see

plainly that I was n't expected. So 't was for this pretty business, Mr. Husband, that you were so eager to pack me off to sister's? I have just seen a stage downstairs, and here I find a banquet fit for a wedding. That 's the way you spend your substance; and that 's how you feast the ladies in my absence, and give them a concert and a play while you send me trotting.

DORANTE

What do you mean, Mrs. Jourdain? And what sort of fancy have you taken into your head, to think that your husband is spending his substance, and that 't is he who is giving this entertainment to the lady. Understand, please, that 't is I; that he has merely lent me his house; and that you ought to be a little more careful what you say.

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes, foolish woman, 't is the Count who offers this treat to the lady, and she is a person of quality. He does me the honour to make use of my house, and is pleased to let me be with him.

MRS. JOURDAIN

That 's all stuff and nonsense. I know what I know.

DORANTE

Wear better spectacles, Mrs. Jourdain, wear better spectacles.

MRS. JOURDAIN

I 've no use for any kind of spectacles, sir, I can see plainly enough. I 've had a smell of this for a

long time, and I tell you I am no fool. It is shameful of you, great lord as you are, to lend a helping hand to my husband's follies. And for a great lady like you, madam, 't is neither handsome nor honest to bring dissension into a family, and to let my husband make love to you.

DORIMENE

What does all this mean? Indeed, Dorante, you are wrong to expose me to the preposterous fancies of this strange woman.

DORANTE, *following Dorimène as she goes out*

Madam, oh madam! where are you going?

MR. JOURDAIN

Madam . . . My Lord, make my apologies to her, and try to bring her back.

SCENE III

MRS. JOURDAIN, MR. JOURDAIN, LACKEY

MR. JOURDAIN

Ah! plague that you are, here 's more of your fine doings! You come and affront me before everybody, and drive people of quality out of my house.

MRS. JOURDAIN

I don't care a fig for their quality.

MR. JOURDAIN

I don't know what restrains me, confound you, from splitting your skull with what is left of the feast that you 've come and disturbed. (*The table is carried off.*)

MRS. JOURDAIN, *going*

I snap my fingers at you. 'T is my rights I 'm defending, and I shall have all the women on my side.

MR. JOURDAIN

You 're doing well to get out of the way of my fury.

SCENE IV

MR. JOURDAIN

She came in at a most unlucky moment. I was in the humour to say fine things; and I never felt so full of wit before. What have we here?

SCENE V

MR. JOURDAIN; COVIELLE, *in disguise*

COVIELLE

Sir, I am not sure whether I have the honour to be known to you.

MR. JOURDAIN

No, sir.

COVIELLE, *holding out his hand about a foot from the ground*

I saw you when you were no bigger than that.

MR. JOURDAIN

Me?

COVIELLE

Yes. You were the prettiest child in the world, and all the ladies used to take you in their arms to kiss you.

MR. JOURDAIN

To kiss me?

COVIELLE

Yes. I was a great friend of your late father.

MR. JOURDAIN

Of my late father?

COVIELLE

Yes. He was a very worthy gentleman.

MR. JOURDAIN

What do you say?

COVIELLE

I say he was a very worthy gentleman.

MR. JOURDAIN

My father?

COVIELLE

Yes.

MR. JOURDAIN

You knew him well?

COVIELLE

Indeed I did.

MR. JOURDAIN

And you knew him for a gentleman?

COVIELLE

Beyond doubt.

MR. JOURDAIN

Then I don't know what to make of the world.

COVIELLE

Why?

MR. JOURDAIN

There are silly people who insist on telling me that he was a shopkeeper.

COVIELLE

He, a shopkeeper! It is pure slander; he never was. All he did was this: he used to be very obliging, very polite, and since he was a connoisseur in cloth, he used to go about choosing it everywhere, and had it brought to his house, and gave it to his friends, for money.

MR. JOURDAIN

I am charmed to know you, and to have you bear witness that my father was a gentleman.

COVIELLE

I will maintain it to all comers.

MR. JOURDAIN

I shall be obliged to you. What business brings you here?

COVIELLE

Since my acquaintance with the worthy gentleman, your late father, which I told you of, I have travelled round the whole world.

MR. JOURDAIN

The whole world?

COVIELLE

Yes.

MR. JOURDAIN

It must be a long way to that country.

COVIELLE

Indeed it is. I came back from my far travels only four days ago; and on account of the interest I take in all that concerns you, I have come to bring you the best piece of news in the world.

MR. JOURDAIN

What news?

COVIELLE

You know the son of the Grand Turk is here?

MR. JOURDAIN

I? No.

COVIELLE

What! He has an absolutely magnificent retinue; people are all flocking to see him, and he has been received here as a very great lord.

MR. JOURDAIN

On my word, I did n't know it.

COVIELLE

The point of advantage for you in all this, is that he 's in love with your daughter.

MR. JOURDAIN

The son of the Grand Turk?

COVIELLE

Yes; and he wants to be your son-in-law.

MR. JOURDAIN

My son-in-law, the son of the Grand Turk?

COVIELLE

The son of the Grand Turk, your son-in-law. I went at once to see him, and since I understand his language perfectly, he conversed at length with me; and after some other talk, he said: *Acciam croc soler ouch allah moustaph gidelum amanahem varahini oussere carbulath?* which is to say: Have you seen a handsome young lady, the daughter of Mr. Jourdain, a gentleman of Paris?

MR. JOURDAIN

The son of the Grand Turk said that of me?

COVIELLE

Yes. When I told him I knew you especially well, and that I had seen your daughter: Ah! said he, *marababa sahem!* which is to say: Ah! how deeply am I enamoured of her!

MR. JOURDAIN

Marababa sahem means, Ah! how deeply am I enamoured of her?

COVIELLE

Yes.

MR. JOURDAIN

Marry, you do well to tell me so; for I never would have thought that *marababa sahem* could mean, Ah! how deeply am I enamoured of her! 'T is an admirable language, this Turkish.

COVIELLE

More than you have any idea of. Do you know what *cacaracamouchen* means?

MR. JOURDAIN

Cacaracamouchen? No.

COVIELLE

It means: My dear soul.

MR. JOURDAIN

Cacaracamouchen means, My dear soul?

COVIELLE

Yes.

MR. JOURDAIN

That is something marvellous. *Cacaracamouchen*, My dear soul. Who would have thought it? It quite astounds me.

COVIELLE

In short, to complete my embassy, he is coming to ask you for your daughter in marriage; and that his father-in-law may be worthy of him, he means to make you *mamamouchi*, which is a certain dignity in his country.

MR. JOURDAIN

Mamamouchi?

COVIELLE

Yes. *Mamamouchi*, which means, in our language, paladin. Paladin, that is, one of those ancient . . . in short, a paladin. There is nothing more noble on earth, and you will rank equal with the greatest lords in the world.

MR. JOURDAIN

The son of the Grand Turk does me great honour; I beg you to take me to him, to pay him my thanks.

COVIELLE

What! he is just coming here.

MR. JOURDAIN

He is coming here?

COVIELLE

Yes; and he is bringing everything needful for your installation.

MR. JOURDAIN

That is doing things mighty sudden.

COVIELLE

His love can endurė no delay.

MR. JOURDAIN

What troubles me is, that my daughter is an obstinate wench, and has taken a fancy to a certain Cléonte, and swears she 'll never marry any one else.

COVIELLE

She will change her mind when she sees the son of the Grand Turk; besides, the singular thing about it is, that the son of the Grand Turk looks like this Cléonte, or very nearly so. I have just seen him, he was pointed out to me. The love she bears to the one may easily pass to the other, and . . . But I hear him coming; here he is.

SCENE VI

CLEONTE, *disguised as a Turk;* THREE PAGES, *bearing his long tunic;* MR. JOURDAIN, COVIELLE

CLEONTE

Ambousahim oqui boraf, Giourdina salamalequi!

COVIELLE, *to Mr. Jourdain*

Which is to say: Mr. Jourdain, may your heart be all the year round like a rose-tree in bloom. These are polite forms of expression in his country.

MR. JOURDAIN

I am his Turkish Highness's most humble servant.

COVIELLE

Carigar camboto oustin moraf.

CLEONTE

Oustin yoc catamalequi basum base alla moran!

COVIELLE

He says: May Heaven give you the strength of lions and the cunning of serpents.

MR. JOURDAIN

His Turkish Highness honours me too much, and I wish him all manner of prosperity.

COVIELLE

Ossa binamen sadoc babally oracaf ouram.

CLEONTE

Bel-men.

COVIELLE

He says you must go with him at once to get ready for the ceremony, so that he may then see your daughter and conclude the marriage.

MR. JOURDAIN

All that in two words?

COVIELLE

That is the way with the Turkish tongue; it says much in few words. Go with him at once.

SCENE VII

COVIELLE, *laughing*

Ho! ho! ho! Faith, 't is altogether comical. What a dupe! If he had learnt his rôle by heart, he could not play it better. Ha! ha!

SCENE VIII

DORANTE, COVIELLE

COVIELLE

I beg you, sir, to be good enough to help us here with the matter we have in hand.

DORANTE

Ah! ah! Covielle. Who would have known you? What a get-up!

COVIELLE

As you see. Ha! ha!

DORANTE

What are you laughing at?

COVIELLE

At a thing which well deserves it, sir.

DORANTE

How so?

COVIELLE

I 'd give you as many guesses as you please, sir, to hit on the stratagem we are using with Mr. Jourdain, to induce him to give my master his daughter.

DORANTE

I can't guess the stratagem; but I do guess that it won't fail of its effect, since you have it in hand.

COVIELLE

I 'm aware, sir, that you know our covey.

DORANTE

Tell me all about it.

COVIELLE

Step aside a little, to make room for what I see coming. You can see part of the business, while I tell you the rest.

The Turkish Ceremony[1] for ennobling Mr. Jourdain is performed with dancing and music, and makes the fourth interlude. A Mufti, four Dervishes, six Turkish dancers, six Turkish musicians, and other performers on instruments of Turkish style, are the actors in it.

The Mufti, together with the twelve Turks and the four Dervishes, invokes Mohammed, after which Mr. Jourdain is brought in, dressed in Turkish style, but without turban or sword; and they sing to him as follows:

THE MUFTI

Se ti sabir,[2]
Ti respondir;
Se non sabir,
Tazir, tazir.

[1] For the description of the "Turkish Ceremony," I have followed the text of the *Grands Écrivains* edition, which is taken directly from the original edition, and is somewhat briefer than that of Moland and most modern editors.

[2] Up to this point, the supposed Turkish is either of Molière's in-

Mi star Mufti;
Ti qui star ti?
Non intendir;
Tazir, tazir.

In the same language the Mufti asks the Turks what Mr. Jourdain's religion is, and they assure him that he is a Mohammedan. The Mufti invokes Mohammed in the Frankish tongue, singing as follows:

THE MUFTI

Mahametta per Giourdina
Mi pregar sera e mattina:
Voler far un Paladina
De Giourdina, de Giourdina.
Dar turbanta, e dar scarcina,
Con galera e brigantina,
Per deffender Palestina.
Mahametta,[1] etc.

The Mufti asks the Turks if Mr. Jourdain will be faithful in the Mohammedan religion, and sings as follows:

vention, or borrowed from a somewhat similar scene in a play by Rotrou; and not more than half a dozen syllables of it are of any known speech. From here on, however, Molière uses the lingo sometimes known as Frankish, which is the language of traders of all nations along the shores of the Mediterranean, especially in the Levant and on the northern coast of Africa, and which is made up of elements from the Turkish, Arabic, Maltese, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. This stanza means: "If you know, answer; if you do not know, be still. I am Mufti; who are you? You do not understand; be still, be still."

[1] "I pray to Mohammed night and morning for Jourdain; I will make a paladin of Jourdain. Give the turban, give the turban, give the sword, with a galley and brigantine, to defend Palestine."

THE MUFTI

Star bon Turca Giourdina?

THE TURKS

Hi valla.[1]

THE MUFTI, *dancing and singing*

Hou la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.

The Turks answer with the same line. The Mufti proposes to give Mr. Jourdain the turban, and sings as follows:

THE MUFTI

Ti non star furba?

THE TURKS

No, no, no.

THE MUFTI

Non star furfanta?

THE TURKS

No, no, no.

THE MUFTI

Donar turbanta, donar turbanta.[2]

The Turks repeat all this, while giving the turban to Mr. Jourdain. The Mufti and the Dervishes put on ceremonial turbans, and the Koran is presented to the Mufti, who offers a second invocation, in concert with all the other Turks. After his invocation, he gives Mr. Jourdain the sword, and sings as follows:

[1] "Is Jourdain a good Turk?"—"Yes, by Allah."

[2] "You are not a cheat?"—"No, no, no."—"You are no impostor?"—"No, no, no."—"Give the turban, give the turban."

THE MUFTI

Ti star nobile, e non star fabbola.
Pigliar schiabbola.

The Turks repeat the same lines, all with sword in hand, and six of them dance round Mr. Jourdain, pretending to give him many blows with the flat of their swords.

The Mufti orders the Turks to cudgel Mr. Jourdain, singing as follows:

THE MUFTI

Dara, dara,
Bastonnara, bastonnara.

The Turks repeat the same lines, meanwhile giving him a cudgelling in time with the music.

The Mufti, having had him cudgelled, sings to him:

THE MUFTI

Non tener honta:
Questa star l'ultima affronta.[1]

The Turks repeat the same lines.

The Mufti offers still another invocation, and then withdraws, with all the Turks, dancing and singing, accompanied by several instruments in the Turkish style.

[1] "You are noble, 't is no fable. Take the sword."—"Give, give, a cudgelling, a cudgelling."—"Be not ashamed; this is the last affront."

ACT V

SCENE I

MRS. JOURDAIN, MR. JOURDAIN

MRS. JOURDAIN

Heaven preserve us! Mercy on us! What 's all this? What a figure! Are you going a-mumming, and is this carnival time? Speak, I say, what does it mean? Who rigged you up like that?

MR. JOURDAIN

The impudent woman, to speak thus to a Mamamouchi!

MRS. JOURDAIN

How now?

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes, you must show me respect now; I have just been made Mamamouchi.

MRS. JOURDAIN

What do you mean with your Mamamouchi?

MR. JOURDAIN

Mamamouchi, I tell you. I am Mamamouchi.

MRS. JOURDAIN

What kind of beast is that?

MR. JOURDAIN

Mamamouchi, which is to say, in our language, paladin.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Baladin! Are you going to dance ballets at your time of life?

MR. JOURDAIN

What an ignoramus. I say paladin: that is a dignity in which I have just been installed.

MRS. JOURDAIN

How, installed?

MR. JOURDAIN

Mahameta per Iordina.

MRS. JOURDAIN

What 's that?

MR. JOURDAIN

Iordina, which is to say Jourdain.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Well, what of it, Jourdain?

MR. JOURDAIN

Voler far un Paladina de Iordina.

MRS. JOURDAIN

How?

MR. JOURDAIN

Dar turbanta con galera.

MRS. JOURDAIN

What 's he say?

MR. JOURDAIN

Per deffender Palestina.

MRS. JOURDAIN

What are you driving at?

MR. JOURDAIN

Dara, dara, bastonnara.

MRS. JOURDAIN

What is all this gibberish?

MR. JOURDAIN

Non tener honta, questa star l' ultima affronta.

MRS. JOURDAIN

What on earth is all that?

MR. JOURDAIN, *singing and dancing*

Hou la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da. (*He falls down.*)

MRS. JOURDAIN

Alas! Heaven help us! My husband has gone mad!

MR. JOURDAIN, *getting up and going off*

Peace, Mistress Insolence. Show respect to His Excellency the Mamamouchi.

MRS. JOURDAIN, *alone*

What 's become of his senses? I must run and prevent him from going out. (*Seeing Dorimène and Dorante*) Oh! oh! here 's the rest of our gang. I see nothing but vexation whichever way I turn.

SCENE II

DORANTE, DORIMENE

DORANTE

Yes, madam, you shall see the most amusing thing imaginable; I don't believe 't is possible to find in all the world another man as crazy as he. Then, too, madam, we must try to serve Cléonte in his love-affair, and help him out with this masquerade. He is an honest fellow, and deserves to have us take his part.

DORIMENE

I esteem him highly, and know he deserves good fortune.

DORANTE

Besides which, madam, we have here a ballet which we must n't miss; I want to see whether my idea will succeed.

DORIMENE

Yes, I saw there were magnificent preparations made; and truly, Dorante, I cannot allow things to go on so. I must put an end to your extravagance; and so, to stop all this outlay which you lavish on me, I have resolved to marry you at once. 'T is the only way; for all such things end, as you know, after marriage.

DORANTE

Ah! madam, is it possible you have formed so kind a resolution in my favour?

DORIMENE

'T is only to keep you from ruining yourself; for

otherwise I can see very well that before long you would not have a penny left.

DORANTE

How deeply grateful I am to you, madam, for the care you take to preserve my estate! It is wholly yours, and my heart with it. You shall use them both at your own good pleasure.

DORIMENE

I shall use them both well. But here is our fellow; and an amazing figure he is!

SCENE III

MR. JOURDAIN, DORIMENE, DORANTE

DORANTE

Sir, this lady and I have come to pay homage to your new dignity, and congratulate you on marrying your daughter to the son of the Grand Turk.

MR. JOURDAIN, *after having made his salaams*

Sir, I wish you the strength of serpents and the cunning of lions.

DORIMENE

I am very glad to be among the first, sir, to come and congratulate you on the height of glory to which you have risen.

MR. JOURDAIN

Madam, may your rose-bush be in bloom all the year round. I am infinitely obliged to you for your interest in the honours that have come upon me; and I am greatly rejoiced to see you returned here,

so that I may tender to you my most humble excuses for my wife's fantastic behaviour.

DORIMENE

That is nothing; I can excuse such an impulse in her; your heart must be precious to her, and 't is no wonder that the possession of a man like you should inspire some alarms.

MR. JOURDAIN

The possession of my heart is wholly yours.

DORANTE

You see, madam, that Mr. Jourdain is not one of those people who are blinded by prosperity, and that in all his greatness he still will own his friends.

DORIMENE

That is the mark of a truly noble soul.

DORANTE

Where is His Turkish Highness? We should like, as friends of yours, to pay him our respects.

MR. JOURDAIN

Here he comes, and I have sent for my daughter to be married to him.

SCENE IV

MR. JOURDAIN, DORIMENE, DORANTE; CLEONTE, *dressed as a Turk*

DORANTE, *to Cléonte*

Sir, we have come to pay our homage to Your Highness, as friends of the gentleman your father-in-law, and respectfully to assure you of our most humble devotion.

MR. JOURDAIN

Where is the dragoman, to tell him who you are, and make him understand what you are saying? You shall see that he can answer you; he speaks Turkish marvellous well. Hallo! where the deuce has he gone? (*To Cléonte*) *Strouf, strif, strof, straf.* This gentleman is a *grande segnore, grande segnore, grande segnore;* and the lady is a *grande dama, grande dama.* (*Seeing that he is not understood*) Alack! (*To Cléonte, pointing to Dorante*) He be Mamamouchi Frenchee, and she be Mamamouchess Frenchee. I can't speak any more plainly than that. Good! There 's the interpreter.

SCENE V

MR. JOURDAIN, DORIMENE, DORANTE; CLEONTE, *dressed as a Turk;* COVIELLE, *in disguise*

MR. JOURDAIN

Where are you going, now? We can't speak a word without you. (*Pointing to Cléonte*) Just tell him that this gentleman and lady are persons of great quality who have come as friends of mine to pay their respects to him, and assure him of their devotion. (*To Dorimène and Dorante*) You shall see how he 'll answer.

COVIELLE

Alabala crociam acci boram alabamen.

CLEONTE

Catalequi tubal ourin soter amalouchan.

MR. JOURDAIN, *to Dorimène and Dorante*

You see?

COVIELLE

He says, May the rain of prosperity forever water the garden of your family.

MR. JOURDAIN

Did n't I tell you he could speak Turkish!

DORANTE

Admirable.

SCENE VI

LUCILE, CLEONTE, MR. JOURDAIN, DORIMENE, DORANTE, COVIELLE

MR. JOURDAIN

Come, daughter; come here, come and give your hand to the gentleman who does you the honour to ask for you in marriage.

LUCILE

Why, father, what a guy you are! Are you acting a play?

MR. JOURDAIN

No, no, 't is no play; 't is a very serious matter, and the most honourable for you that heart could wish. (*Pointing to Cléonte*) Here is the husband I bestow on you.

LUCILE

On me, father?

MR. JOURDAIN

Yes, on you. Come, put your hand in his, and thank Heaven for your good fortune.

LUCILE

I don't want to be married.

MR. JOURDAIN

I want you married, and I 'm your father.

LUCILE

I'll do nothing of the kind.

MR. JOURDAIN

Oh! what a to-do! Come, I tell you. Here, your hand.

LUCILE

No, father; I have told you, no power can force me to accept any husband but Cléonte; and I will sooner go to all extremities than . . . (*Recognising Cléonte*) To be sure, you are my father; I owe you entire obedience; and it is for you to dispose of me according to your pleasure.

MR. JOURDAIN

Ah! I am charmed to see you return so quickly to a sense of your duty; I like to have an obedient daughter.

SCENE VII

MRS. JOURDAIN, CLEONTE, MR. JOURDAIN, LUCILE, DORANTE, DORIMENE, COVIELLE

MRS. JOURDAIN

How now? What 's all this? I hear you 're set on marrying your daughter to a mummer.

MR. JOURDAIN

Will you be still, foolish woman? You always come and thrust in your impertinence everywhere. 'T is impossible to teach you common-sense.

MRS. JOURDAIN

You are the one 't is impossible to teach any sense to; you go from folly to folly. What are you driving at now, and what do you mean with this crazy match?

MR. JOURDAIN

I am going to wed my daughter to the son of the Grand Turk.

MRS. JOURDAIN

To the son of the Grand Turk?

MR. JOURDAIN, *pointing to Covielle*

Yes. Make your compliments to him by the dragoman there.

MRS. JOURDAIN

I 've no use for any dragoman; I 'll tell him for myself, to his face, that he sha'n't have my daughter.

MR. JOURDAIN

Will you hold your tongue, I say again?

DORANTE

What! Mrs. Jourdain, you set yourself in opposition to an honour such as this? You refuse His Turkish Highness for son-in-law?

MRS. JOURDAIN

Bless me, sir! Mind your own business.

DORANTE

'T is a great honour, and not to be refused.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Madam, I beg you likewise not to trouble yourself about what does n't concern you.

DORANTE

It is our friendship for you that makes us take an interest in your welfare.

MRS. JOURDAIN

I'll get along without your friendship.

DORANTE

Your daughter here submits to her father's wishes.

MRS. JOURDAIN

My daughter consents to marry a Turk?

DORANTE

Certainly.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Can she forget Cléonte?

DORANTE

What will one not do to be a great lady?

MRS. JOURDAIN

I'd strangle her with my own hands if she played a trick like that.

MR. JOURDAIN

This is too much prate. I tell you this marriage shall be.

MRS. JOURDAIN

And I tell you it shall not be.

MR. JOURDAIN

Oh! what a to-do.

LUCILE

Mother!

MRS. JOURDAIN

Go to, you 're a pitiful hussy.

MR. JOURDAIN

What, you scold her for obeying me.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Yes. She is as much mine as yours.

COVIELLE, *to Mrs. Jourdain*

Madam!

MRS. JOURDAIN

What have you got to say about it?

COVIELLE

One word.

MRS. JOURDAIN

I 've no use for your word.

COVIELLE, *to Mr. Jourdain*

Sir, if she will listen to a word in private, I promise to make her consent to everything you wish.

MRS. JOURDAIN

I shall not consent.

COVIELLE

Only listen to me.

MRS. JOURDAIN

No.

MR. JOURDAIN, *to Mrs. Jourdain*

Listen to him.

MRS. JOURDAIN

No; I will not listen.

MR. JOURDAIN

He will tell you . . .

MRS. JOURDAIN

I won't be told.

MR. JOURDAIN

Just like a woman's obstinacy! Will it do you any harm to hear him?

COVIELLE

Only hear me; then you shall do as you please.

MRS. JOURDAIN

Well! What?

COVIELLE, *aside to Mrs. Jourdain*

We 've been making signs to you, madam, this hour or more. Don't you see that all this is only done to humour your husband's whimsies; that we are tricking him by this disguise, and that the son of the Grand Turk is Cléonte himself?

MRS. JOURDAIN, *aside to Covielle*

Oho!

COVIELLE, *aside to Mrs. Jourdain*

And I, Covielle, am the dragoman.

MRS. JOURDAIN, *aside to Covielle*

Ah! in that case I give in.

COVIELLE, *aside to Mrs. Jourdain*

Don't let the cat out of the bag.

MRS. JOURDAIN, *aloud*

Yes, it is all right, I consent to the marriage.

MR. JOURDAIN

Ah! now everybody submits to reason. (*To Mrs. Jourdain*) You would n't listen to him. I was sure he 'd explain to you about the son of the Grand Turk.

MRS. JOURDAIN

He has explained it to me properly, and I am satisfied. Let us send for the notary.

DORANTE

Well said. And, Mrs. Jourdain, that your mind may be perfectly at rest, and that you may abandon at once all jealousy of your husband, this lady and I will make use of the same notary for our marriage.

MRS. JOURDAIN

I give my consent to that, too.

MR. JOURDAIN, *aside to Dorante*

So, you 'll hoodwink her.

DORANTE, *aside to Mr. Jourdain*

We must needs put her off with this pretence.

MR. JOURDAIN, *aside*

Good, good. (*Aloud*) Go fetch the notary.

DORANTE

While he is coming, and drawing up his writings, let us see our ballet, and offer His Turkish Highness the diversion of it.

MR. JOURDAIN

A good idea. Let 's take our places.

MRS. JOURDAIN

And Nicole?

MR. JOURDAIN

I give her to the dragoman; and my wife, to anybody that will have her.

COVIELLE

Sir, I thank you. (*Aside*) If 't is possible to find a madder fellow, I 'll go tell it at Rome.

The comedy ends with the ballet which had been prepared.



